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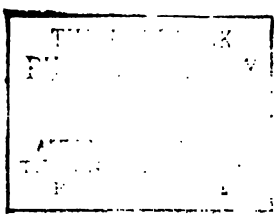
CAP AND GOWN

R.L.PAGET

COLUMBIA EDITION



-Knowles Frederic Lawren

[Knowles, Frederic Lawrence]

Cap and Gown

(Trade Mark)

Third Series

Selected by

R. L. PAGET, pseud.

BOSTON
L. C. PAGE & COMPANY
MDCCCCIII

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

To those who know the previous volumes of this series, a word of introduction seems superfluous. To those who do not, the present book speaks for itself, with but little need for any foreword. The warm welcome given by the reading public to our "Cap and Gown," first and second series, has led us to put forth this companion volume.

But little can be said of it that has not already been said of its predecessors. Years may come and go, but college verse remains the same, full of youth, the faults and conditions of youth — cheeriness and an indescribable buoyancy, seen rarely in the works of maturer life. In the past ten years, the undergraduates have changed but little, in their methods of expression least of all.

In compiling this book we have as a rule confined ourselves to verse printed in the college publications of the last four years, although in several instances we have gone back further. None of the

WOR 19 FEB 35

poems in this collection, however, were included in the previous volumes of this series.

Thanks are due to the assistant librarian of Harvard University for numerous courtesies, to the editors of the *Harvard Lampoon* for their generous loan of their numerous exchanges, and to the editors of many college papers, whose kind co-operation rendered possible the third series of "Cap and Gown."

COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTED.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE . .	*Allegheny Literary, The.*
AMHERST COLLEGE. . .	*Amherst Literary Monthly, The.*
BOWDOIN COLLEGE. . .	*Bowdoin Quill, The.*
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	Cornell Widow, The.
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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY	*Stanford Sequoia, The.*
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	Wrinkle, The.
MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE	*Mount Holyoke, The.*
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	Red and Blue.
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY .	*Nassau Literary Magazine, The.*
	Princeton Tiger, The.
RADCLIFFE COLLEGE . .	*Radcliffe Magazine, The.*
ROCHESTER, UNIVERSITY OF	*Campus, The.*
SMITH COLLEGE	*Smith College Monthly, The.*
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE .	*Swarthmore Phœnix, The.*
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TRINITY COLLEGE . . .	*Trinity Archive, The.*
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UNION COLLEGE . . .	*Concordiensis, The.*
	Garnet, The.
VASSAR COLLEGE . . .	*Vassar Miscellany, The.*
VIRGINIA, UNIVERSITY OF	*University of Virginia Magazine, The.*
WELLESLEY COLLEGE . .	*Wellesley Magazine, The.*
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY .	*Wesleyan Literary Monthly, The.*
WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY	*Western Reserve, The.*
WILLIAM AND MARY, COLLEGE OF	*William and Mary College Monthly, The.*
WILLIAMS COLLEGE . .	*Williams Literary Monthly, The.*
XAVIER COLLEGE . . .	*Xavier, The.*
YALE UNIVERSITY . . .	*Yale Courant, The.*
	Yale Literary Magazine, The.
	Yale Record, The.

Of Cap and Gown awhile we sing,
Of college days, of youth's glad fling,
Of half-souled tasks, and whole-souled ease,
Reckless of reckonings, quick to please,
When hearts beat high and joy was king.

A cheerful, buoyant, vital thing,
Our virelay, with swing and ring,
Echoes afar. Oh, days like these
Of Cap and Gown!

To those who knew such times we bring
This book of verses, wandering
From East to West, o'er plains and seas,
Bearing a sheaf of memories,—
That cheer alway, and never sting,—
Of Cap and Gown.

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CAP AND GOWN.

THIRD SERIES.

Wind of the Southland.

WIND of the Southland, whispering, sighing,
Wind from the land of the sweet jasmine,
Whisper and tell me of her whom you left there —
Wind of the Southland — thy secret and mine.

Tell me of blue eyes that gleam, oh, so softly;
Tell me of lips that with life are aglow;
Whisper and tell me of her whom you passed there,
Wind of the South, whisper true, whisper low.

DOUGLASS BURNS DOUGLASS.
Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Doris.

DOWN the lane, and across the fields,
Doris and I were walking.
Past bulging stacks that the harvest yields,
Doris and I were talking.

"The man I wed," said Doris fair
(Doris did most of the talking),
"Must be a multi-millionaire."
I only kept on walking.

"His hair must be yellow, his eyes dark blue"
('Twas Doris doing the talking),
"And he must be a Yale man, too.
Isn't it lovely walking?"

Now I am poor, and my hair is brown
(I never was much at talking),
And I came from Harvard, in Cambridge town
(I'm really quite good at walking).

But I slipped my arm around Doris sweet
(She suddenly stopped her talking),
And I hugged her nearly off her feet.
'Twas really a help to walking.

And I said, "I'm sorry I don't suit you."
(Somehow we'd stopped our walking.)
But, "Oh," said Doris, "I guess you'll do."
For Doris was only talking.

CLARENCE S. HARPER.
Harvard Lampoon.

Oh, Lady Mine.

THE air is sweet with promising,
Dear Lady mine,
The riot rapture of the spring,
The birds begin their carolling,
For life and love are on the wing,
Oh, Lady mine!

Oh! bid them nest, within my breast,
Dear Lady mine,
Come in and sit ye down as guest
And in my heart's green shelter rest,
That all its blossoming be blest
Oh, Lady mine!

Come make it spring within my heart,
Dear Lady mine,
Smile, and the frost is rent apart,
A thousand tender blossoms start,
For spring must be where'er thou art
Oh, Lady mine!

ETHEL M. KELLEY.
Wrinkle.

Morning.

AWAKE, for light is growing,
And softly o'er the lea
The early breeze is blowing
A mystic melody.
The golden sun is wreathing
Bright garlands for the day;
Awake, for morn is breathing
And shadows flee away.

The bluebirds and the thrushes
Were long ago astir;
The mellow morning blushes,—
She knows they sing to her!
The wind is softly sweeping
Across the restless lake;
Thou only still art sleeping;
Awake, my love, awake!

DWIGHT WILLISON MARVIN.
Williams Literary Monthly.

The Football Girl.

I.

EYES that are clear as the sparkling air
When the frost-sprinkled forests flame,
Cheeks all aglow with the daintiest red,
Wind-tossed hair round a graceful head,
Bonny and blithesome beyond compare —
Hail to the Queen of the Game!

II.

There are courage and hope in her eyes so brown,
And she raises the blue flag high;
And winning or losing, till all is done,
She is true to her colours and cheers them on,
With the Yale blue violets in her gown —
Fair symbol of loyalty.

III.

There is much that is dear in the victor's prize —
Honour, applause, and fame,
But when the strife ends in a victory,
The first and the best which the winners see
Is a swift flashing signal from Beauty's eyes —
A smile from the Queen of the Game.

IV.

Then here's to the maid who begins her reign
  When the dead leaves race and whirl!
Hearty and loud is the praise I bring,
For fairest of all is the maid I sing.
So fill up your glasses and pledge again
  A toast to the Football Girl!

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Record.

My Sweetheart.

A PAIR of hazel eyes I know
With glances fond for me:
Two outstretched arms, two rosy lips,
A vision rare to see.

Those hazel eyes, those arms outstretched,
Those lips which I claim mine
Are always present to my view,
They're painted on my stein.

R. W. K.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

The Literary Vampire.

(*With many apologies to R. K.*)

A FOOL there was and he wrote a theme
(Even as you and I!),
He filled it full of poetic gleam
(We read it and thought it an idiot's dream),
But the fool considered it Art Supreme
(Even as you and I!).

The fool expected to get a B
(Even as you and I!),
Or, at the worst, a well-earned C;
(He never even dreamt of a D!)
So it jarred him much when he pulled an E
(Even as you and I!).

Oh, the toil we lost and the mark we lost,
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the man who read the theme
(We'd like to teach him to read a theme,
For he does not understand!).

Harvard Lampoon.

Where Are You Sleeping, Lady Fair?

TRIED to fin' you las' night,
By the li'l can'le light
Of a lonesome li'l star,
Shinin' way off far.
Where were you, lady bright?

Where are you sleeping or sobbing, lady fair?
Where are the roses you put in your hair?
Lady fair, lady bright,
I have sought you all the night.

But I heard the win' say:
I have come from far away,
An' she is not here or there;
You may wander everywhere, —
Where are you, love, to-day?

Where are you sleeping or sobbing, lady fair?
Roses all faded you wore in your hair?
Lady fair, lady bright,
I have sought you all the night.

R. R. KIRK.
Wrinkle.

Let Me Forget.

LOVE, who hast granted many prayers and set
My wayward feet into thy happy ways,
Behold, I send this supplication yet —
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

I wrought so many follies in thy name,
So many frail, false altars did I raise,
Too weak to hold thee — nay, for very shame,
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

See, I blot out my sinning with my tears,
And ever cry my prayer with this my praise:
For sake of all the coming happier years,
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

Trinity Archive.

The Morning Sprite.

FROM out of the dreamland ere glow of the dawn,
I flit o'er the meadows and cobwebby lawn,
On the heads of the roses and necks of the grass
I drop the dew-jewels as onward I pass.
I kiss the cold buttercups, lone and afraid,
And the coy little violets down in the glade.
Some flowers must fade and some blossoms must fall,
But I whisper a word in the ear of them all.
The brook softly murmurs its message to me
As I wake the wee birds on the boughs of the tree,
And back to their gloomy abodes I affright
The bat and glum owl and the beetles of night.
I follow the geese as they flap past the towns.
I sweep the dank river-fog back to the downs;
And as from the horizon it rises on high,
I usher the morning star into the sky.
And so over hill, over dale, over lea,
I drift away, float away, airy and free,
And vanish, as softly night's curtains are drawn,
Back into the dreamland ere glow of the dawn.

CLINTON H. COLLESTER.
Amherst Literary Monthly.

The Modest Poet.

"DEAR Jack," said Kate, with eyes of blue,
"To tell the truth, I cannot see
Why you don't make a verse or two
Which I can say is all for me?"
"My love," said Jack, "that would I do
If I did not with fear foresee
That if I made a verse to you,
It might make you averse to me."

Yale Record.

In Perpetuum.

I WISH I were a snowflake meek,
So I could fall, quite pure and white,
Upon her pretty blushing cheek.
And kiss her once — with all my might.

Then like a tear of joy I'd leap
Upon some sunbeam let astray,
And quickly to yon clouds I'd creep —
To fall again the self-same way.

Wrinkle.

The Realm of Love.

THE kingdoms of this world shall pass away.
The enchanted isles, enthroned upon the west
To charm the seamen to a golden quest,
Are vanished with the tides of yesterday.
The lofty cities where proud kings held sway,
Builded of old on plain or mountain's breast,
With tower and dome and minaretted crest —
Lo! they are trodden under foot as clay.

Yet is one ancient realm inviolate,
A land of gardens in a silver sea,
Beneath the skies of an eternal spring.
And love's far pilgrimage shall consummate
All mortal joy with immortality,
In that fair paradise where Love is king.

GEORGE TUCKER BISPHAM, JR.
Nassau Literary Magazine.

A Valentine.

THE cold, red sun is going down
Behind the hills, and like a crown
Flames high an aureole of fire
Above the latticed belfry-spire.

From the bare poplar by the gate
Stretch the white snow-dunes, desolate;
And roisterous winds are racing forth
From the deep, purple-clouded north.

I wonder, love, if thou art now
Alone beside the chimney's glow,
Dreaming with maiden fancy free,
And dreaming, it may hap, of me?

R. M. GREEN.
Harvard Monthly.

"Whenas in Silks."

"WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,"
How all must turn and wonder!
What glistening grace each movement shows;
What spell she puts me under!

When in the sunny summer sea
She sports with nereid graces,
How can I view but jealously
Each wave that her embraces?

Or when the golfing plaid and red
Her grace enhance and sweeten,
What reck I if it turn my head
Until at last I'm beaten?

But when in lace and filmy lawn,
The shimmering moon above her,
All eyes to her alone are drawn —
What can I do but love her?

Brunonian.

"Queen Anne's Lace" [1]

UP through the rocky pastures,
Where the blackberry globes hang low,
A stately dame has come wand'ring
Back from the long ago —
Back in her sable velvet,
With its showers of ancient lace,
In its pearls and curls and ribbons
That mock her weary face.

What says my Lady Marlborough
As the queen goes here and there?
Is not Dame Abigail angry?
(She has those robes to wear.)
White as the bloom of the berry,
Fine as the cobweb's trace,
Scattered on thorn and bramble
Glistens our Queen Anne's lace.

Far and wide o'er the meadow
It shines where the sunbeams fall,
It waves where the brooklet ripples,
It droops by the old stone wall;

[1] The wild carrot.

CAP AND GOWN.

Wherever the queen may wander,
  Tired of court and crown,
Her way is marked by the lily lace
  The briars tear from her gown.

GEORGIA BENEDICT.
Cornell Era.

To a Poem.

WITHIN her rocky bosom's secret keep,
Wise nature, from a tiny streamlet clear,
With jealous caution and with reverent fear
Selects pure quartz grains as they onward sweep,
And in her workshop where no eye can peep
Begins a stately edifice to rear,
Whose sympathy and beauty will appear
In finished crystal's fire and sparkle deep.

'Tis thus the poet culls with watchful care
From out the thought-stream's swiftly flowing race
The gems which shine with purest lustre rare,
And builds from them, with symmetry and grace,
As one who labours not for outward eye,
A crystal poem that shall never die.

FRANK B. WADE.
Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Song.

THE poets sing that love is blind —
Prithee do not believe them;
They say he's fickle and unkind,
Delighting to deceive them.

But oh! I know by the sure aim
With which he sent his dart
That he had seen fair Julia's name
Graven upon my heart.

And love is wondrous kind to me —
Sing poets as they may —
For Julia from her balcony
Upon me smiled to-day.

Wellesley Magazine.

Aftermath.

A REVERIE.

THE joyous Prom. is past and gone,
'Tis now a blissful memory,
A dream of glances soft and bright,
Of low-toned words and laughter light,
(Oh, here's the florist's bill, I see).

I hear the swish of dainty skirts
And see the grave frock-coated men,
The gray old Chapel's lost its gloom,
'Tis gay with life and all abloom —
(There comes my tailor's man again).

E'en now I see the dancers sway,
The flying feet that never tire,
The dreamy waltzes charm my ear,
The ringing two-step, loud and clear,
(But *what* a price for carriage hire).

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Record.

Indian Summer.

THIS is the sunset of the passing year,
The afterglow of fierce midsummer noon —
Fitful, the breezes, wandering, cry or croon,
Like sleepy children lost when night is near.

This is the dream-hour of the pensive day.
Golden her hair, and soft from throat to shoon
The clinging mists, and on her lips a tune
That slips, unchidden, from her heart away.

RICHARD R. KIRK.
Inlander.

Rebekah.

JUST three years old, the maid will be, to-morrow;
Her eyes are like fringed gentians by the brooks,
The roses of her cheeks scarce dewed with sorrow,
And joy and innocence in all her looks.

Grandmother's Quaker kerchief folded tightly
Across her breast, she tiptoes in with grace,
And grandmamma's sheer cap is poising lightly
On golden locks that flutter 'round her face.

She passes May and Ned, — the merry teases, —
But grandly poses for her mother's eyes;
"Now, Dorothy, my dear, say, if thee pleases,
If I have put my cap on straight?" she cries.

M. E. H. EVERETT.
Madisonensis.

May.

THERE came a time when roses bloomed again,
When straying breezes blew white blossoms down
To kiss from hardened mould its frosty frown,
To breathe a shy child-hope to dying men;
A faint pink flush new spread the orchard then,
Where vain hoar trees late took a fairy gown,
Fresh wove of old love-charms, with time dust brown,
Brought by a sprite's wee hands from some green glen.

Sweet the new life and yet that was not all,
There lay some pain dark 'neath the placid stream;
Deep in the murmuring wood a half lost call
Hallowed of days long gone and youth's bright gleam.
Far down the years I saw those castles fall,
Ah, what is May when one has ceased to dream?

C. R. SAUNDERS.
Harvard Advocate.

To the Evening Star.

O STAR of mine, lone Star of mine!
For thee my panting heart doth pine
Through toiling hours of midday heat.
I hail with joy what hour I greet
Thy radiance, holy, pure, benign,
O Star of mine, lone Star of mine!

O Star of mine, brave Star of mine!
Thou dost not ask if others shine,
But steady, through the deep'ning shade,
Thy beams give cheer to man and maid,
To toil-bowed slaves and lowing kine
O Star of mine, brave Star of mine!

O Star of mine, O Star divine!
In thee the truth of God doth shine;
For thou dost beckon, night by night,
To farther reaches, nobler flight,
To glorious sun-kissed fields of thine,
O Star divine, O Star of mine!

O Star of mine, O Star of mine!
Teach me to follow in thy line,

That in some morning land my sight
May greet thee, comrade of my night,
And know thee by some deeper sign,
O Star of mine, O Star of mine!

GEORGE MATTHEWS PERKINS.
Syracuse University Herald.

Cuba Libre.

LIFT up thy mournful head, and dry thine eyes,
Neglected daughter of the western world;
Of cruel greed long years the cherished prize;
Wasted, undone, to deepest ruin hurled!
Lo! Freedom's banner o'er thee is unfurled,
Where heroes' blood with spotless purity
Is mingled, and with heaven's own stars impearled —
Fit emblem of the glorious destiny
Which now awaits thee. Oh, forget the past!
Remember not thy sorrows, nor reject
The aid thy happier sister proffers now.
Though long unmoved, she comes with help at last.
Then blame her not for that unkind neglect —
Be hers to crown with victory thy brow!

Red and Blue.

The Approach of the Storm.

THE hunter mist creeps slowly o'er the sea,
And at his heels the angry sea-dogs foam,
Clutching and tearing at each hapless rock.
That lifts its roughened head above the surge.

Afar the bell-buoy tolls a slow alarm;
The sea-bird's muffled scream at distance rings.
And fast the waves are hurrying to the shore
Whisp'ring the echoes of a storm-sung dirge.

Vassar Miscellany.

Brother Toper.

(*A Song for the Eve of Thanksgiving.*)

BROTHER TOPER, sit you down;
Here between us place the wine,
Red as roses newly blown,
As a lily's soul divine.
Brother Toper, fill your cup;
(Life is brimming full of woe.)
Pour the wine and drink it up;
There is peace in every cup —
Wise are we that know!

Brother Toper, here's my hand!
Do you mind when first we met?
It was in a merry band
O'er the wine. How then forget!
Brother Toper, what are years
Seen across the ruby glow
Of the wine cup? Brief as tears!
Wine will banish years and fears —
Wise are we that know!

Brother Toper, I would fain
Hear your rousing song once more,

We shall be a merry twain,
    Till day hammers on the door!
Brother Toper, song and sup
    Pilfer Life of half his woe!
(Sing the song and brim the cup;
Pour the wine and drink it up!)
    Wise are we that know.

Brother Toper, fill anew;
    Here between us dwells the wine.
In its flood I drink to you,
    Do you drink to me and mine.
Brother Toper, day is chill;
    But the night is bright aglow.
(Pour the wine and drink your fill;
It will banish every ill.
    Wise are we that know!)

Brother Toper, Life is brief;
    Sleep is lingering and long.
Death is but an arrant thief,
    Steals the soul amid a song!
Brother Toper, then be gay;
    Let the crimson vintage flow.
Should he come for thine to-day,
Wine will cheer thee on the way —
    Wise are we that know!

CAP AND GOWN.

Brother Toper, you are cold,
And your eyes are void of sight,
And your face is wan and old —
It was as a boy's to-night!
Brother Toper, life has flown,
Just as dawn begins to show!
Well, the next may be my own.
Life is far too short to moan —
Wise are we to know!

R. R. KIRK.
Wrinkle.

A Valentine.

LET memories of pure white snow,
And silent woods, and winds that blow
Across the sunlit, ice-bound bay, —
Of embers glowing deep, dull red,
And visions that the firelight fed
In its own drowsy fitful way, —
Let these for you, instead of things
That wearied Cupid yearly sings,
Serve as my Valentine to-day.

ETHEL HOBART.
Radcliffe Magazine.

Seaward.

INLAND my life is set,
In the tranquil hollows of valleys
And the calmness of river-reaches
And the quiet of daily labours.
But sometimes into the stillness
Comes a resonant murmur,
A voice of many waters
Thunderous, vibrant—
And my soul leaps out in its answer
To the summons of the sea.

Sometimes in darkness
And distance of sleep I hear it
And I wake exultant,
Thrilled with the roar of breakers.

So I think it shall be once;
I shall wake in the darkness,
Hearing the summons far inland,
And shall rise and shall follow
Far down the line of the river,
Far through the darkness,
Hearing the roar of the breakers

CAP AND GOWN.

Nearer and nearer —
Feeling the wind on my forehead
Freshen and dampen —
Breathing the salt of the ocean —
Till at length, through the darkness,
Gleams the white line of the breakers
Rushing and glooming to meet me.

So shall they wrap me,
So shall they carry me seaward,
Into the night and the darkness
And the tumult that dies into silence.

JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY.
Morningside.

A Lay of Ancient Rome.

OH! the Roman was a rogue,
He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
An elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
And *such* a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,
And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, though,
He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at Memorial;

He often went on sprees
  And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor — opus est,
  Oh, where's my hic — hic — domus?"

Although he lived in Rome —
  Of all the arts the middle —
He was (excuse the phrase)
  A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a diff'rent thing
  Was the homo (dative, hominy)
Of far-away B. C.
  From us of Anno Domini.

THOMAS YBARRA.
Harvard Lampoon.

Winter Dawn.

A DULL red line thro' a gray-ribbed sky,
And the snow soft-tinged on the hill;
A gurgling and rushing locked under the ice
Of the brook that goes past the mill.

M. A. P.
Vassar Miscellany.

Villon.

OF late I sat within the night-fire's gleam,
When winds were shouting through the brittle trees,
When the river hung upon her course to freeze,
And the pines reëchoed with the winter scream;
There in the wood-flames' shadowy golden beam
I sat as one who, hugging close his knees,
Stares at the winking logs yet never sees;
And as I stared I dreamed an ancient dream, —

Of Villon, freezing all the bitter night,
Snapping his fingers at the icy ground
And breaking branches, robbing for a "white,"
Slipping away to darkness at a sound,
Greedily dazzled by a window's light,
But singing songs that set the world abound.

Cornell Widow.

An Easter Phantasy.

WITCHING mistress, sweet and fair,
With jewelled crown upon thy hair,
Tell me whither came ye now
To grace this Easter festal vow?
Thy flowing garb of spotless white,
Thy tresses gleaming in the light
Are not Convention's stern decree,
Yet I in homage bow to thee.

Those lovely lilies which ye bear
With artless grace and dainty air
But add unto the mystery
Connected with thy history.

But since no miss would now dress so
Ye must be of the long ago.
What age Arcadian was that
Which lacked the gorgeous Easter hat?
When poet ne'er could pen his sonnet
To Betsy's fetching new spring bonnet?
When flowing robes and falling tresses
Replaced Parisian form-made dresses?

Yet of this maid with lustrous eyes
I dare forsooth to make surmise
That living now, as like as not,
Her Easter hat would top the lot!

W. T. McINTYRE.
Princeton Tiger.

A Song of the Road.

THE snows are gone at last, lad,
The fields are all a-flower;
There's a call to the gypsy blood, lad,
In the swish of every shower,
In the song of every lark, lad,
In the scent of the daffodils;
So up and away where the elders bloom
In the green of the Kentish hills!

The town is stifling now, lad,
With a good green world to roam,
So ho for the road again, lad,
The wandering gypsy's home.
For the brooks and the birds sing clear, lad,
And the song rings in my brain;
So up and away where the free winds blow,
And ho for the road again!

The band is gathering now, lad,
They'll give us welcome rare,
For true are the gypsy hearts, lad,
That wait our coming there;

CAP AND GOWN.

I'm sick for the scent of the fields, lad,
  And the beat of the summer rain,
So up and away where the hawthorn glows,
  And ho for the road again!

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Courant.

Life in the Chem. Lab.

OH, life in the Lab. is a frolic,
A careless life and free;
You live in the odour of H_2S,
And the fumes of NH_3.
Your hands are brown from acids,
And black with silver stains,
Your eyes are red, and your back stiff,
And full of rheumatic pains.

Mix up a cocktail of chromates,
Pour in a test-tube, and boil,
Watch for a green plaid precipitate,
Drop in a strip of lead foil,
Evaporate five or six hours,
Stirring as much as you can,
Squint through the spectroscope at it,
Then try it all over again.

Mix up some chlorine with hydrogen,
Put in a nice sunny place,
Then gather up your fugitive fingers,
And pick out the glass from your face.

CAP AND GOWN.

Take some As_2Zn_3,
  Subject to the arsenic test,
Take a good whiff of your product,
  The coroner sees to the rest.

Oh, life in the Lab. is idyllic,
  Like that in the land of the blest,
With merely a dash of excitement
  To give it the requisite zest.
Sing not of the glad out-door life,
  The joys of bat, racket, or cleek,
They are folly and sin to the Lab. man,
  With his thirty-odd hours a week.

HENRY W. ELIOT, JR.
Harvard Lampoon.

The Long Ago.

AH, 'twas long, long years ago, my boy,
In a land beyond the sea,
And the rose climbed high in its riotous joy
Where my love would wait for me.
By the trellised gate,
Though the moon rose late,
My love would wait for me.

'Tis a soft warm night of the long ago
And the moon shines full and clear,
And the scent is deep where the roses grow,
But my heart it is full of fear,
For the gate swings lone
With a wistful moan,
And my heart grows sick with fear.

Oh, the rose leaves fall, and the chill winds blow,
And the gate creaks wearily,
And the sun, for me, since that long ago
Sets gray in a dreary sea,
For the earth's cold breast
Is my loved one's rest,
And the sun has set for me.

MARGARET WILSON MCCUTCHEN.
Smith College Monthly.

The Grind's Dream.

ALL day I slowly pendulate 'twixt Sever Hall and Gore,
And meditate on Ethics, and how Romans paved a floor.
My acquaintance is restricted as I walk along the street,
But at night I am a member of the innermost élite.

All day I think of circles, cæsuras, chords, and cram,
But at night I've time to think about the man I really am;
So though days I give to theses, themes, and essays, as is meet,
Alone at night I represent the tippest-top élite.

ARTHUR F. GOTTHOLD.

Harvard Lampoon.

The Comforter.

I HAVE a store of goodly things
That I have gathered one by one
Along the road of life. There clings
To each the dust of days long gone —
(Gold dust's less precious!) There's a book,
Well dog's eared in many a sweet quest
For comfort in some quiet nook.
There's one thing better than the rest.

My violin upon the wall
Has whispered many a word of cheer,
Has nerved me to each duty's call,
Has sung to laughter many a tear.
My pictures every one I love,
I cannot say which one is best.
But, treasures of my treasure trove,
There's one thing better than the rest.

I have some Indian rugs and things,
Some far to-gathered bric-à-brac;
I have some curious carven rings,
Made precious by some scoundrel's knack;

CAP AND GOWN.

I have some candlesticks so old
To own them twain alone I'm blest.
But — ah! more precious than fine gold —
There's one thing better than the rest.

I live a comfortable life;
But all these do not make it so.
I have a house, I have a wife;
But I might both dear things forego.
I have a merry friend or two;
I am in many measures blest;
But — let me speak it fair and true —
My pipe is better than the rest.

R. R. K(IRK).
Wrinkle.

Carolina.

WHERE the red deer speed in the pines;
Where the bear and the wild fox roam;
Where the sand trout bask in the cool, deep pools
And the catamount lives at home;

Where the air of the mountain fills with life
The world-worn, thirsty soul,
And the goshawk wings from crag to crag
And the deep-toned thunders roll;

Where the sovereign forests deck the hills
With their wide-spread verdure o'er;
Where the wandering woodsmen pause to hear
The plunging torrents roar;

Where the plunging torrents rush and roar
In the bright sunlight of June,
And the stars of heaven watch at night—
The stars and the Southern moon;

There on the Blue Ridge mountains
In a Carolina glen
I'll rest in the shade of the hemlocks
And forget the cities of men.

R. W. PAGE.
Harvard Advocate.

The White Opal.

THE sonnet is an opal. In its white
And rounded shape the form is found
In silver soft suggestion curled around
Its inward gleam of fire whose pure fair light
Within its shell of form glows out so bright,
Although the glow within lies pent and bound
And like the opal lights the lines redound
With myriad shapes of meaning recondite.
The poem is the cavern form whose swing
Of line encompasses the soul and where
Glowing within, in priceless promising
The sestet like a glorious fire is set;
All delicately wrought, and wondrous fair.

R. K. K.
Mount Holyoke.

On a Pet Cat.

NOW, lads and lassies, cease your mirth,
In this bright world below,
And bid your thoughts attentive be
Unto my tale of woe.

Of late there lived a kingly cat
Respected far and near,
And well I ween no mundane cat
Was loved so fondly dear.

A cat of noble qualities,
No common mouser he,
Of true patrician lineage,
A cat of high degree.

It chanced one day a sadness fell
Across his spirit's calm,
For which the finite powers of earth
Possessed no healing balm.

The magic charms of catnip tea,
Oft time so efficacious,
Were naught before the fell advance
Of this disease voracious.

Like brave Horatius at the bridge
Or Regulus of Rome,
His spirit boldly met his fate
And took his journey home.

With patience calm we wait the day
Till later science learns
The mystic region from whose bourne
No felis e'er returns.

But be that region, near or far
Beyond the crystal sea,
We pray his soul may rest secure
In cat felicity.

GEORGE A. PERSELL.
Allegheny Literary.

Morning and Evening.

WHEN the mists grow bright with the morning light,
And the winds come fresh from the sea,
Our boat beats down from the waking town,
And the cordage sings in glee
As the leaping hull like some great gull
From the salt spray shakes her free.

When the day is done, and the sinking sun
Slips down in the afterglow,
Our boat drifts back on a silver track
That the moonbeams gently show,
A starlit way, at the close of day,
For stately ships to go.

PHILIP P. FROST.
Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

May.

A SKY all blue, a field of green
Just softened with a golden sheen
As if each star had poured its gold
Into a dandelion mould.

J. C. HARRISON.
Columbia Literary Monthly.

Taking the Veil.

I.

SHE took the veil — how light a thing
Can outweigh life — and fling
Its chains about us like an iron ring.

II.

She took the veil! No one was near,
Nor friend, nor kin, nor mother dear
To touch her hand or bid her cheer.

III.

She took the veil! —

And one of Wanamaker's floor-walkers saw her take it, and now she's doing ninety days at Cherry Hill. *Punch Bowl.*

A Valentine.

I SOUGHT to find some fancied bond,
Saint Valentine, in thy drear season
For her May spirit, sweet and fond,
Though love's unreason
Did ever warn to look beyond
To some more gentle, some more tender season.

For all her ways are such as move,
Saint Valentine, to softer measure
Than winter winds that temper love
And fright May pleasure;
Thy natal day's no treasure trove
Of symbol for *her* Valentinian measure.

This be then my Valentine, dear maid,—
From May and June and roses hast thou comé
To make all seasons, summerlike, thy home.

H. W. Holmes.
Harvard Monthly.

A Tirade — Explained.

OH, what's the use of this Junior Mess,
And why does it still survive?
What can there be in fuss and dress,
And what is it they derive
From a dance all night
Till the morning light
Betrays their wild disorder;
His crumpled shirt,
Her draggled skirt,
With hoof destroyèd border?

I've seen some three of these bally balls,
These revels of early youth,
My own young folly now appals;
I'll not go again forsooth.
My pipe I'll light
By fire light,
And cuddle down all cozy
With some old tale
Of knights in mail,
Before the embers rosy.

Oh, who would barter his peace of mind
For program-ridden dreams

And thoughts of paying the bills he's signed?
Why, many a one, it seems,
Is ready to give
It all to live
One week of joyous folly!
Well as for me
I'd rather be
With right good fellows jolly.

. . . . . .

Perhaps you think me a misanthrope,
A woman-hater glum?
The reason why I'm so a-mope?
My sweetheart couldn't come.

Cornell Widow.

The White Alder.

I KNOW a nunnery which no man heeds
Or loves save me, because a faithful band
Of willows hem it in on either hand,
To where a little pool o'ergrown with weeds
Bars all intruders, while in front flags stand
As wardens o'er a mile of meadow-land —
Broad banner-bearers of a host of reeds!

Within, close sheltered by the willow screen
From alien eyes, with palms spread to the sun,
And faultless face uplifted, all unseen,
And all unseeing, prays a silent nun,
Wrapped in a veil no earthly hands have spun,
God's one white thing in this his house of green!

Trinity Tablet.

The Charm.

IN the days when great giants and ogres there were,
To terrify heaven and earth,
When brave princes flourished, and fairies and elves
Presided at princesses' birth;

In the days when these things all existed for me,
A princess there was fair and gay,
With long golden hair, rosy lips, and blue eyes,
Such as princesses had in that day.

No one ever said "Mustn't" or "Don't, child" to her,
Grown folks didn't order her round.
She could do what she liked — no wonder she was
The happiest princess e'er found.

Her one supreme charm, I'll confide it to you;
Not her beauty, or goodness, or wealth
Was what made her so dear, but the one little fact,
That the princess was always myself.

ALICE EDITH EGBERT.
Smith College Monthly.

Arcady.

YOU asked for a song of the olden days
When shepherds' hearts were true,
And they led their flocks in the pleasant ways
Where gold-eyed daisies grew
And clovers bloomed anew.
And I sought for the land of Arcadie
But the land of the present was all I could see.

You asked for the note of the pastoral reed,
The pipings of Colin and Piers;
I listened, and distantly sounded, indeed,
Some similar note in my ears.
Alas for illusions! — it nears,
And, try as I will, I cannot make out
That a fat freight-engine is Colin Clout!

You asked for the flocks that the shepherds kept,
And the fields whereon they fed,
The grassy folds where they paused and slept,
Where the tender lambs were fed,
Blue skies all overhead,
But, try as I might, it wouldn't pass
To call potato-plants meadow-grass!

CAP AND GOWN.

You asked for the winged steed to rise
And lift my halting lay,
Till we both should soar to the summer skies,
And greet the orb of day
Upon his lofty way,
    But the staid old farm-horse before the plough
    Is Pegasus' only likeness now!

MARY L. NEWTON.

Tennessee University Magazine

To Peggy.

LIKE verses? Why, of course — though not in books —
Dried flowers make a dingy souvenir;
The poetry that lives is far more dear —
And there are volumes writ in Peggy's looks.

Her smile's a couplet of two rosy lips,
Her laugh's a wordless roundelay. Her eyes —
Her eyes are lyrics, and each time she sighs
I think 'twould any madrigal eclipse.

An epigram is in her pout demure;
A terrifying epic in her frown,
And should she yawn, 'tis for the hapless clown
An epitaph of meaning all too sure!

So, if the fates would only let me choose,
I'd have fair Mistress Peggy for my muse.

CHARLES G. LORING, JR.
Harvard Advocate.

The Girl of Our Town.

HERE'S a health to the girl with hair of gold!
To the girl with locks of brown!
Here's a glass to the lip — tip, tip —
Drink it down, drink it down!

And here's to the maid of society;
And to her of less renown!
Here's a glass to the lip — tip, tip —
Drink it down, drink it down!

But here's to the bonniest lass of all;
The girl of our own town!
Here's a glass to the lip — tip, tip —
Drink it down, drink it down!

R. R. K.
Wrinkle.

Jog Alastar Mordue.

I LOVE the north, where the bold rocks rise
  Up from the shore, where the sea-mews play,
Swinging high up in the cold, gray skies,
  To the horizon far away;
Far from the south where the summer lies.

I love the north, for its frosty air
  Is wine in the early morn.
The hunter chases the game to its lair
  As he sounds the bugle-horn.
I love — I love the north, for there
The heart of the hunter is free from care.

I love the north when the warm winds sigh
  Through many a wild and rocky cave,
In the summer night, when the moon hangs high,
  And all is gloomy and sombre, save
For the lavish tints of the opal sky,
Where the amber stars imbedded lie.

I love the north, with its breath that chills
  And blights in the silent night;
The wind that blows with a blast that kills,
Where the frost has mantled a thousand hills,
  And the pines are gleaming white.

Land of the burning midnight sun,
With sea and sky aflame:
When his toilsome race is nearly run,
And the Norseman comes home again,
With dreams of glory and dreams of fame
All shattered, and hope undone;
Will you bid the Vikings of old stand forth,
To welcome the wandering son of the north?

CORINNE SICKEL.
Bryn Mawr Lantern.

To Master Robbie Miller.

ON THE PURCHASE OF A NEW PAIR OF TROUSERS

(*With apologies to Hood.*)

BOB MILLER was a nice young man
Who lived in Boston town,
But went to gay New York in search
Of glory and renown.

There he became a soldier brave,
And learned to load and prime,
But seldom used his marksmanship
Except in killing time.

No pangs of conscience troubled him,
For blood he ne'er had spilt,
But still his very clothes appeared
Inscribed with double gilt.

Alas, it was an evil day
When Bob met Nellie Wood;
Her artful looks and smiles were such
As boded him no good.

Now he was often Robbed at home
By all his folks in part,
But Nellie Wood, unlike the rest,
She robbed him of his heart.

This should have taught him care, but he
More careless grew instead,
For after parting with his heart
He straightway lost his head.

It seemed impossible that he
Another loss could stand,
But yet he went that very night,
And offered her his hand.

His tender vows as he began
With deepest sighs were fraught,
But tho' he stood full six feet high
She cut him very short.

In vain he wooed and vowed that he
Loved her and her alone,
Tho' all her life she had been Wood
She now seemed made of stone.

"O Nellie Wood, O Nellie Wood,
Consider what you do;
Instead of making two hearts one
You're breaking one in two."

Said she, "My taste will never lean
To like you or your name,
I beg you do not go on so,
But go back whence you came."

This only added to his grief,
And multiplied his woes,
But still he thought to save his suit
By wearing other clothes.

Of pantaloons he bought a pair
So very loud and gay,
That they awakened strange reports
As far as Rockaway.

He thought that they would surely help
This maiden to entrance,
For while she would not heed his sighs
She needs must hear his pants.

So once again he went and knelt,
As every man will do,
And having on a new-pressed suit
He pressed his suit anew.

But all his efforts were in vain,
She did not wish to pass
To any double state, but still
Would single be, alas.

Now some say Bob is wooing still,
But let us hope not so,
That rather he's grown calmer since
Receiving such a blow.

R. H. MOULTON.
Morningside.

Rondeau.

LAND-LOCKED I lie, in idleness
Of dreaming, 'neath the soft caress
Of winds which scarcely stir the trees,
Amidst the drowsy drone of bees,
In the relief of nothingness.

The hillside slope in summer dress
Of clover green and tansy tress
Below me stretches, as at ease
Land-locked I lie.

Away beyond this wilderness
Of field and wood, there is the stress
Of tossing surge and sparkling seas,
White-tipped beneath the keen, salt breeze,—
But here in my leaf-arched recess,
Land-locked I lie.

THEODORA BATES.
Radcliffe Magazine.

My Fire.

I WANDER lonely o'er the earth,
  Nor kith nor kin have I,
My bed is but the wind-blown leaves,
  My rooftree is the sky.

Each night I camp beside the trail,
  And when the winds make moan,
I watch the pictured embers glow
  And call my fire Home.

Within its flames I seem to read
  The tales of other days,
And kindly faces beckon me
  From out the friendly blaze.

And when at last I reach that bourn
  Toward which my journey lies,
I'll turn me gladly to my sleep
  The while my fire dies.

LOREN PALMER.
Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Firelight.

WHEN the trees, their branches bare,
Rattle in the icy air,
Firelight on the hearthstone there,
Flash and quiver,
Mounting high,
Flame and sparkle,
Dance and die.

When the night wind starts to blow,
And in anger whirls the snow,
Firelight in the chimney low,
Flash and quiver,
Mounting high,
Flame and sparkle,
Dance and die.

When the house from all is still,
Creeps within a frosty chill,
Friendly fire, obey thy will,
Sink and smoulder
Into gray;
Fading slowly,
Die away.

CAP AND GOWN.

When to us comes time for rest
Mind we Nature's last behest,
Fire within the throbbing breast,
Sink and smoulder
Into gray;
Fading slowly,
Die away.

R. H.

Williams Literary Monthly.

Under False Colours.

THE game was over and Yale had won,—
The impartial heavens both colours flew,
Pennants of crimson from setting sun
And a twilight sky of Yale's own blue.

The maidens were many and they were fair,
And each her allegiance wide proclaimed
By a knot of violets here and there,
Or a crimson rose which her blush shamed.

A step apart from the hurrying crowd
Stood a "queen" whose beauty eclipsed them all.
My pulses quickened, my heart beat loud!
She was dark and stately, divinely tall,

And from head to foot she was clad in blue.
She was true to Yale! I rejoiced at that.
She seemed lonely, and what was a chap to do?
I stepped to her side, and raised my hat,

And said, with my most enchanting air,
"Won't you come and celebrate with me?"
She met my smile with a frigid stare.
"I'm blue on Harvard's account," said she.

R. A. L.

Harvard Lampoon.

November.

COLD on the lawn the dewdrops lie;
A cold moon swings in a frosty sky,
A chill mist falls o'er the silent park,
Cold is the poplar's shade, and dark.
A moment lingers the steely light,
Then suddenly falls the sombre night.
Far in the distance a night-owl grieves,
Hopes lie buried, 'neath fallen leaves,
The bells may call again to prayer,
But will that free a heart from care?
Paradise lost — a story told
When the poplars' shade is dark and cold.

A. J. F.
Cornell Era.

The Darktown Nine.

WASHINGTON Johnson Leland Fine
Were de captin ob de Darktown nine.
An' de Darktown nine, 'twixt yo' an' me,
Were de bestest nine yo' ebber did see.

De principlest game dey had to play
Were with the Giants from Hamtown way.
An' dey wanted to win dat game so bad,
An' dey betted all de money dey had,
An' dey asked de girls to see dem play,
An' watch de Darktowns win de day.

Fifteen innings wid nevah ah sco',
Dey played der hardest an' even mo'.
When de Hamtown captin made a hit,
An' de Hamtown 'habitants had a fit,
An' de Hamtown pitcher brought him in,
An' dat was where dere grief begin.

Wid two men out in de second half,
'Mid de Darktown's 'habitants low down chaff,
Wid one man on bases, an' he on first,
A low down niggah by name of Thirst,

CAP AND GOWN.

De Darktown captin came to bat,
An' dusted de base off wid his hat.

"Strike one!" yelled de umpire. I thought I'd
faint,
An' only murmured, "Oh, no, it ain't."
"Strike two!" I heard without surprise,
An' den I just done close my eyes,
When — bang! — it sounded like a gun,
Our captin knocked a clean home run.

Washington Johnson Leland Fine
Were de captin ob de Darktown nine.
An' de Darktown nine, twixt yo' an' me,
Were de bestest nine yo' ebber did see.

E. B. MASON.
Princeton Tiger.

In Olden Style.

GOOD mistletoe, I wish to say
That none alive, be who he may,
Less superstitious is than I,
Or signs or omens more defy,
Old foolish customs less obey.

I'm modern quite in every way,
No beau or powdered popinjay
Am I, nor could be should I try,
Good mistletoe.

And yet 'twas just this very day,
With ribbons red, and holly gay,
I saw you hanging there on high,
'Twas dark, and Polly laughed and — why
You wouldn't blame a convert, pray,
Good mistletoe?

W. F. BARRON, '04.
Georgetown College Journal.

The Back-Work Club.

THERE'S a club in this place that is growing apace,
Though as yet it is not very large;
For its duties are such as to weigh very much
On the shoulders of students in charge.

Now to benefit all who are outside the pall,
And are anxious to enter the ranks,
We will tell in a word a few things we have heard,
And shall feel well repaid by your thanks.

If you notice a lad whose expression is sad,
Though there be no complaint on his work,
Just step up and ask if he hopes to be home
This vacation, or go to New York?

Then as likely as not he will get very hot
(Though he'll keep as composed as he can),
And will answer you, "Naw, I must stay here and draw."
Be careful, you've spotted your man.

CAP AND GOWN.

There's a club in this place that is growing apace,
And the reason is always the same;
Oh, do you belong to the Back-Work Club?
And, if so, what is *her* name?

H. S. CHAMBERLAIN, JR.
Lehigh University Epitome.

The Widow.

WHEN Mid-Years come our joys to rout,
Who sends the postal cards about?
The Widow.

Who gathers in the careless sport,
And other students of the sort?
The Widow.

Who gives a crowded seminar
(A thing we don't explain to pa)?
The Widow.

Whom should such fellows stop to bless
When they have made their lucky guess?
The Widow.

Stand up, ye sports who owe him most.
For, fellows, I propose a toast:
The Widow.

WILLIAM B. WHEELWRIGHT.

Harvard Lampoon.

Ballade.

FÀR in the depths of a sombre wood,
Where the shadows creep in the sunless glow,
Lie twin lakes wrapt in their clear cool flood,
Under the dark leaves' rustle and go.
Hey nonny, hi nonny, hey nonino.

But darker, clearer, glow thine eyes,
Beneath black lashes fringing low,
Wet with the tears of sacrifice,
Sparkling with passion's fiery glow.
Hey nonny, hi nonny, hey nonino.

But alas! their glance is not for me,
Not for me is their glorious glow;
My sighs are all unheard by thee,
And under thy tower my lute song low.
Hey nonny, hi nonny, hey nonino.

STYLITES.
Red and Blue.

"Love That Never Told Can Be."

NO bird hath ever lifted note so clear,
Or poured so prodigal his lyric breast,
But carried still some music from the nest
When winter laid the seal of silence there.
No sea hath ever woo'd the shore so fair
But turn of tide left something half-expressed;
Nor true love ever burned so strangely blest
That words could hold it all, or hearts could hear.

And yet the tide will turn again, and tell
Its sweet persistent story o'er and o'er —
The bird take up the cadence where it fell,
And pipe it towards the ending more and more —
And only love be inexpressible,
The endless song, the sea that hath no shore.

JOHN ERSKINE.
Morningside.

An Appeal to the Goddess A.

I.

A DOWNCAST, wretched sport am I;
Please heed, dear A, my cries.
Sweet ruler of the alphabet,
Adorn my theses, themes, et cet.
(That's poetry in disguise.)

II.

My room thy sacred temple is,
Where burns the midnight oil;
The Spring Pierian there I drink,
(That's rather pretty, don't you think?)
For thee is all my toil.

III.

I hear the midyears snarl and growl,
The fateful finals roar;
Their lightnings blaze, their thunders crack
From dreadful chaos, inky black.
(I think that's metaphor.)

IV.

Nor football, A, nor fussing now
Can turn my thoughts from thee;

All night, all day they fondly trace
Thy fairy form and fair young face.
(Alliteration, see?)

V.

Oh, shed on me thy gentle ray,
My love, my guiding star!
Oh, bathe my mind in mystic light!
(That last remark is out of sight!)
'Tis up to you! Ta-ta!

THOMAS YBARRA.
Harvard Lampoon.

The Biologic Face.

ONE eye screwed up, cheek out of joint,
The eyebrow cocked in curious style,
The lips drawn up in a strange,
Three-cornered, grim, tip-tilted smile,—

Is this a girl—a Vassar girl?
Ah, rash beholder, do not mock,
Would'st thou a calmer visage bear
Hunting the wily protococ?

Let no rude voice uplifted be
To sling the slam, to point the joke;
No other word shall smite the girl
Who's struggling with a microscope!

L. B.

Vassar Miscellany.

My Callie.

MY Callie is a winsome lass.
Man, but she's awfu' pretty!
And when she smiles I seize my pen
And straightway write a lover's ditty.

'Tis na that I'm a lovesick fou',
For e'er a-moonin' or a-rantin',
Man, but if you saw her smile,
'Tis you would be a-writin'.

So bonny she, so dainty she,
My heart goes pit-a-pattin',
When she is by I dinna sigh
For throne a king e'er sat in.

Callie, Callie, winsome lassie,
Will na you your answer gie me?
I canna bide anither hour
To take you to the auld kirk wi' me.

P. A. P.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Robbie Rockaway.

LITTLE Robbie Rockaway has left his playful fun,
The mud-pies, long forgotten, lie a-burning in the sun;
The empty swing is swaying in the wind, forlorn and lone,
And e'en the petted rocking-horse upon its side lies prone.
The engine long has ceased to puff its way across the floor;
The tiny ships have drifted all unnoted on the floor.
The world of play has wearied, so he's formed a desperate plan;
For now our little Robbie is a bold, bad man.

From his dungeon he has stolen through the silent, shadowy hall;
He has scaled the hostile ramparts when he climbed the garden wall;
As a savage, redskin rover, he has roamed the western plain;
And with Captain Kidd he's scuttled galleons on the Spanish main,

And now, as Walter Raleigh, out behind the gloomy shed,
He smokes his first rattan cigar with mingled pride and dread.
But in spite of brave endeavours, try as hard as e'er he can,
A tear steals down the visage of this bold, bad man.

He has entered quite unaided into unknown wonderlands,
And a mighty host of warriors wait in awe on his commands.
The whole world bows before him and applauds his might and skill,
But he seeks nor rule nor power save to do whate'er he will.
Now the sun sinks slowly under, and in haste the shadows fall;
And our hero starts and trembles as he hears his mother call.
But I would you could have seen him as to her arms he ran.
Ah, what a tame surrender for a bold, bad man!

C. H. C(OLLESTER).

Amherst Literary Monthly.

Verses.

HEART hunger is for me and you,
For all the weak who see the gleam
Of the fair towers by the stream,
But dare not pass the marshes through.

There's force of spirit for but few,
And they are kinglier than they seem;
In languor lapt we weave the dream,
But they can make the dream come true.

EDWIN FORD PIFER.
Kiote.

Literary Lottery.

THE themes you write as you ought to write
Are never as themes should be;
But the themes that you write at the end of night,
When you've been with the boys and are two-thirds tight,
At half-past two by candle-light,
"Show careful thought, and a deep insight,"
And are good for an A or a B.

J. A. MACY.
Harvard Lampoon.

Among My Books.

I.

(*To the author of my Chemistry.*)

IT is treason to read,
It is sin to believe
In this book. We're agreed
'Twas but made to deceive.
It describes H_2O —
This means water, 'twould seem.
Where its author will go
H_2O will be steam.
Tipped with sulphur, his hand,
In an oxygen jar,
Will illumine the land
Like a bright shooting star.
And he'll sit on these same
Bunsen burners and fry,
While a hydrogen flame
Sings a sweet lullaby.

II.

(*To the author of my German.*)

Governed by a preposition, made the subject of a verb,
Ruled by ev'ry rule of order any Dutchman ever heard,

Struck by strong verbs in a fury, strong nouns
grasping at his throat —
Such will be the fate of Thomas, who our German
grammar wrote.
Adverbs seize him and invert him, negatives refuse
him aid;
By conjunctions, short but fearful, quite dependent
he is made
On the relatives who flunk him. Moved to pity by
his tears,
In the end perhaps to help him, some auxiliary
appears.

III.

(*To the author of the "Syllabus."*)

There are two or three boys in the room,
And two or three girls in the hall;
But a silence like that of the tomb
Broods over the desk of High-ball.
There are two or three outbursts of fun,
And two or three minutes of care
Till the fatal five minutes are done
That render us free as the air.
Then it's two or three steps to the hall,
And hurrah for the door as it shuts!
But two or three cheers, first of all,
For the Prof. who persistently cuts.

MARK HOUSTON. *Makio.*

The Village Dance.

AWAY to the green, ye village swain!
Put aside all thoughts of toil!
Fling away your tools, apprentice-lad!
And join in the glad turmoil;
Come on, ye gay young musketeers,
Mind not your ale or game,
For all must join in the village dance,
E'en worthy squire and dame.

With sound of taber and bagpipe shrill,
Let the jovial crew dance 'round
The May-pole high as a frigate's mast,
With garlands and streamers wound;
In daffodils decked, and primrose crown,
In a bower of hawthorn, gay,
With stately smile to kneeling swain,
Sits Jacynth the Queen of May.

The magpie calls from his new-made nest,
The woodland arches fill
With the cantabile of the merrie thrush,
And the ousel with yellow bill;

The rainbow spans the azure sky,
  Each end in a pot of gold.
Away to the dance, ye village swain,
  While the joys of spring unfold!

Cornell Widow.

A Rhapsody.

SOFT the angelus at even
Chimes the sun-god's dying knell,
Naught so sweet in earth or heaven —
Wait! There goes the supper bell.

T. H. GOULD.
Brunonian.

A Spring Rondeau.

A SMILE from you, my lady dear,
Quickens the pulses of the year,
Sets earth's old face again in glow.
(I hear the gentle South wind blow; —
Nay, 'tis spring's laughter that I hear.)

Across green meadows, far and near,
Faint voices falter, and grow clear;
The Spring-returned! They seek, I know,
A smile from you.

A smile from you! — ah, reverend seer,
You have not known the cause, I fear; —
The axis may be thus or so;
But had not *she* return'd — I know!
Who wouldn't come to win, my dear,
A smile from you?

R. R. K.
Wrinkle.

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The Dream of the Boats.

AT anchor they're riding,
Dim white, while the moon
Draws its shivering breath on the bay,
A silent fleet — out shore and in.
Whisht — whisht,
How the ripples play.

At anchor they're riding,
They sleep and they dream —
The yacht of a spray-blown track,
A trick at the starting — a length at the end.
Whisht — whisht,
The tide is slack.

In shore they are lapping,
The sharpie fleet —
And they dream of a humble knack.
They can shove their noses close to a shore.
Whisht — whisht,
The tide is slack.

And the working boats
They never dream,

CAP AND GOWN.

They know what the others learn.
Their sleep is deep, and their work not done.
Whisht — whisht,
The tide will turn.

For the tide it runs ebb,
And the tide it runs flood,
And heeds not little or big.
The sharpies bow to the clumsy scow
And the yacht in her racing rig.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.
Smith College Monthly.

Lullaby.

HUSH thee, hush:
One bright star glowing
Shines across the western sea.
Hush thee, hush:
The tides in-flowing
Murmur lullabies to thee.

Hush thee, hush:
From dark pines sleeping
Soft winds whisper their good-night.
Hush thee, hush:
My heart is keeping
Tender vigil till the light.

R. D. H., 1902.
Mount Holyoke.

My Lady on the Links.

WHEN my lady plays golf, there's commotion galore,
There's a caddy beside her, another before.
And she handles her clubs with a confident ease,
For my lady is playing the game, if you please,
And gives strictest attention to bunkers and tees,
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf, you must always avoid
Any subject but golf, or she'll be much annoyed.
For if she should let her mind wander, I fear
She would go "off her game," and you'd presently hear
Far stronger expressions than simply "Oh, dear!"
When my lady plays golf.

When my lady plays golf, then of stance and of grip
She's as careful as if in the championship,
And when she leaves off at the close of the day,
And her caddies are paid, and her clubs put away
(Which never occurs till it's too dark to play),
Then my lady *talks* golf.

A. H. GILBERT.
Harvard Advocate.

A Note for a Nosegay.

HERE are bonnie flowers,
  Plucked for you to-day,
Born of April showers
  In the month of May.

In the sward they nestled,
  Close to Mother Earth;
With the breeze they wrestled
  From their day of birth.

Frail they are and tender,
  Yet the wilful wind
From their stemlets slender
  Could not them unbind.

Vain each bonny blossom,
  Pink, and white, and blue,
Strove to play the possum,
  Hiding from my view.

For where'er I wander,
  What's alike to thee,
Deeply though I ponder,
  Ne'er escapeth me.

CAP AND GOWN.

Put them in your chamber
  For a day or two.
Would that you'd remember
  Who remembered you!

Plucked the bonnie flowers
  Sent to you to-day,
Born of April showers
  In the month of May.

JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER.
Bowdoin Quill.

Habet.

I WAS one of many men
Danced and laughed with her to-night;
Shall we ever meet again?

Known before, but not till then
First unfolded on my sight —
I was one of many men.

Moonlight on the misty fen,
Dim suggestion of delight,
Shall we ever meet again?

Did she guess, I wonder, when
Flowed the rose across the white?
I was one of many men!

And I passed from out her ken,
Unremark'd, forgotten — quite —
Shall we ever meet again?

Dull the brain and vain the pen.
Only one refrain I write: —
I was one of many men,
Shall we ever meet again?

W. Brian Hooker.
Yale Record.

A Ballad of College Days.

WORN tokens that old tales repeat
Of many a "stunt" 'neath midnight skies,
Old, fading photographs, a sweet
Dead rose that worn and tattered lies,
A tiny pin, life's chiefest prize,
To him who trod Hellenic ways,
These hush dull Care's low sullen sighs,
With tender dreams of college days.

Far distant days, when life was sweet,
Nor marred by din of market cries,
When hours sped by with winged feet,
And clouds could never hide the skies,
When all the world was in *her* eyes,
When — but 'tis needless now to praise
The golden memories that rise
With dreams of far-off college days.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, true content doth all despise
Save inglenook and wood fire's blaze,
Slow smoke rings that like incense rise
And dreams of far-off college days.

Swarthmore Phœnix.

Song of the Trip-Hammer

MID clamour and clang,
And rattle and bang,
And a roar like the sea in a storm,
With creaking and groan,
With screeching and drone,
I poise my monstrous form.
Oh, slowly I climb
While the clinking tongs chime
With the hum of my hurrying wheel;
I creep, I creep,
I crouch, I leap,
And I munch my morsels of steel.

So I boom — boom — boom
While the sparks fly thick through the room.
And the helpless castings quiver and quail
As they feel the force of my teeth of mail.

Ah, once they placed in my iron jaw
The armoured plate of a ship of war,
The insolent ingot said scornfully,
"Oh, what can ye do to such as me?"

My blood boiled hot as the scoriac fire.
My pulses throbbed with a sudden ire.
I gathered my strength. Down I drove with a leap
As the avalanche bounds down the mountain's steep.
As that avalanche crushes the village below
So smiting I crashed on the crest of my foe.
The pale sparks scurried in terror aside,
And the ingot lay fallen and flat in his pride.
His huge bulk shivered with shriek and scream
As I flailed his flanks with my iron beam,
And exulting I cried, "Is it thus ye will cower
When the shot of the foeman shall fall in a shower?
To them as to me will ye yield when they sing
As they seek the ship's life with their venomous sting?
Now, giant of steel, read this warning aright;
Thus fare all contemners who mock at my might!"

And so from noon till the fall of gloom
I burden the breeze with my thunderous boom.
And the dwarf hammers clatter in tune to the sound
Of my ponderous pestle's pulsating pound.
But my power is checked by a grievous chain,
At nod of another my strength I strain.
A miserable, impotent slave, I can
But buffet my kin at behest of man.

C. H. COLLESTER.
Amherst Literary Monthly.

A Valentine.

THE wise forget, dear heart;
They leave the past
And play the hero's part,
Brave to the last.

They weep not nor regret,
Calm are their eyes.
Dear heart, the wise forget. —
I am not wise!

JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY.
Morningside.

Genius to Her Poet.

THOU canst not be the child of solitude,
For thou must break thy bread, and share thy meat
With him thy brother. Barred is all retreat.
Thou canst not gather berries for thy food
And dwell a dreamy hermit in the wood;
Among the hurrying throng of anxious feet
Thy soul must wander on Life's dusty street,
Thy cowl that of the human brotherhood.

Behold, the giver of thy power is God,
Half thine inheritance he gave thee when
I kissed thy brow. When thy path is trod
He will demand the perfect portion. Then
Know this thy answer, — "Here thy gift, O Lord!
And here what as a man I earned with men."

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON.

Smith College Monthly.

To a Laugh.

WHEN this, my little sphere, is upside down,
And fight, and wait, and struggle all seem vain,
When hopes and plans lie wrecked by Fortune's frown;
Then, then, I crave one clear, untangling strain.

So, too, when Past or Future round about
Their sable phantoms range in grim array,
Of things that hoarse and rasping warnings shout;
I know a sound can drive them all away.

The charms of magic potions tempt me not,
I would not wizard panacea quaff;
My sighings cease, my woes are all forgot
If only I can once hear Phyllis laugh.

'Tis but a voice by mirth aroused, and yet,
'Tis more than sunshine ray to music set.

PAUL TERRY.
Red and Blue.

The Mucker's Love Song.

YER eyes t'row out the very tint
  Ov Mither's washin' bluein';
Yer teeth's as white as pearls and sure
  Can do the strongest chewin'.

Yer hair's as black as Mikey's eye
  When we scrapped de oder mornin';
Yer lips are two red danger-flags
  Wot gives us men our warnin'.

Yer cheeks are like the leminade
  Dey make at Barnum's show-groun';
Yer face is freckly; an' yer nose
  Gives eart' de daisy t'row down.

Ye've tored me heart-strings wid yer smiles,
  Ye've won me as yer steady.
Say, ain't it time we went and hooked,
  'Fore ye fall in love wid Reddy?

E. L. DUDLEY.
Harvard Lampoon.

"A Beauty of St. Giles'."

SO fair and yet so wild of face,
So full of fresh tempestuous grace,
Small wonder that the artist sought
To catch thy beauty rare, and thought
Thee quite as worthy of his art
As belles who played a prouder part.
I'd stake thy charms against the dames
Who ran to Drury and St. James'.
Thine unspoiled look of eagerness,
Thy parted lips, thy quaint head-dress
Are worth a thousand haughty smiles,
Thou lowly beauty of St. Giles'.
Full happy in thy choice, methinks,
Wert thou, O *J. H. Benwell, pinx.*

W. A. BRADLEY.
Morningside.

Sunset.

THE lake one lucent pearl, its depths aglow
With sunset memories, palpitating blues
Succeeding rosy radiance; far below
The hills, reflections of their autumn hues,
Shadows like substance, red and gold and green,
With something added from the water's sheen;
A richer, fuller glow, that satisfies
All senses. 'Tis the moment when day dies
And night is born: a hush of waiting thrills
The lake, the mist-hung windings of the hills.
The sky is throbbing in its depths afar;
Then silently slips forth one radiant star,
Majestic, calm; a sister lamp alight
On the lake's bosom hails the new-born night.

L. F. B.
Cornell Era.

A Summer's Day.

BY some fern-banked mossy stream
Overhung by beech and willow,
Where no penetrating beam
Of the sun can warm my pillow,
Where the silent pool's few troubles —
Made by frisky trout at play —
Are but trifling empty bubbles,
Let me rest a summer's day.

R. PIER.
Harvard Advocate.

Fate.

A BIRD was singing to its mate,
Love in each breath;
By chance a hunter lurked in wait.
The song brought Death.

LESLIE HARRISON.
Stanford Sequoia.

The Shadow of the End.

THE winding road, the air like wine,
And smiling fields on either hand —
A joyous lot was yours and mine
To fare together through the land.
The robin's song, the sun that thrills,
The breeze that makes the grasses bend, —
And far away among the hills
The shadow of the end.

Enough it was from day to day
To fare together side by side,
And summer magic charmed away
The thought of where our roads divide.
Now dearer grows the breezy dawn,
The twilight with its drowsy calls, —
And forward, where our eyes are drawn,
The shadow darkling falls.

To-day, a stillness on the wheat,
The sweetest, saddest golden weather,
And here, before our lagging feet,
The last fair slope we climb together.

CAP AND GOWN.

Already we have passed the brow,
  Then lay your hand in mine, dear friend,
It falls about us even now,
  The shadow of the end.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.
Smith College Monthly.

When Bess Goes Out.

WHEN Bessie goes out-doors it seems
As if it mayde alle nature glad
With joyousness and fayre daye dreams,
When Bess goes out.

Ande e'en ye tymid larke soe sad
Seems roused as bye Aurora's beams
To carole sweeter far than e'er it had.

While from ye gaylie rippling streams,
There courseth melodies soe glad
That naught in them could ill beseem,
When Bess goes out.

Ande where she walks ye roses breathe
Their fragrance on ye jealous aire.
While blue-eyed violets bequeathe
Their alle to her they deem soe fayre.

Suche happiness in sooth is found
Quite everywhere when she's around,
That would that I were there,
When Bess goes out.

W. T. McINTYRE.
Princeton Tiger.

This Year.

LAST year, I knew not how to live
Because I knew not you, my sweet,
My heart was like an empty sieve;
Last year, I knew not how to live,
Nor what was love, nor how to give,
Nor crave me rapture so complete;
Last year, I knew not how to live
Because I knew not you, my sweet.

This year the garden of my heart
Is sweetly sown with thoughts of you.
Dewed by the tender tears that start
This year, the garden of my heart
Has blossomed out in every part
With passion flowers of richest hue;
This year the garden of my heart
Is sweetly sown with thoughts of you.

ETHEL M. KELLEY.

Wrinkle.

Lines to a Transfer Check.

(*Overheard in Harvard Square.*)

IN praise of thee my lips I ope,
Thou slip of paper neat,
Who bring'st within a nickel's scope
Proud Bunker Hill's historic slope
And busy Dudley Street;
The stern conductors thou dost teach
To stop their cash demands,
And thus, at paltry cost, we reach
Fair Brookline, far South Boston's beach,
And Dorchesterian lands.

O'er towns and cities thou dost reign
Around the Golden Dome;
With thee, magician, we attain
Neponset and Jamaica Plain;
On Milton's roads we roam.
Thy wondrous, many-sided use
Admiring, I accost thee,
All men, no matter how obtuse,
Must join in praise of thy — the deuce!
Of thy — of thy — I've lost thee!

Harvard Lampoon.

The Iliad.

WHEN Helen dwelt in windy Troy,
She set all Greece with love afire;
Her presence filled the stones with joy,
And Homer, on his sounding lyre,
Her praises sung.

But Helen mouldered into dust,
To dust the heroes, young and brave,
Their broken armour red with rust,
And Homer fills a nameless grave,
His lyre unstrung.

They sleep by Hellas' rock-strewn shore,
And yet in the immortal lay
They live, and love, and war, once more,
An echo of that elder day
When gods were young.

FRANCES HALLEY NEWTON.

Tennessee University Magazine.

Spring on the Heights.

NOW the student
Tosses reason
To the breeze;
He's imprudent,
But the season
Favours ease.

He absents him
From recitals,—
Courting ruin,
And repents him
When requitals
Come in June.

Now that nature
Doth resuscit-
Ate herself,
Extricate your
Low-cut russet
From the shelf.

Fit the carol
Of the sparrow

CAP AND GOWN.

In the blue
With apparel
That will harrow
By its hue.

Don't be stupid,
Don't be churlish,
And you may
Wheedle Cupid
And some girlish
Protegée.

For as Tennys-
On indites in
"Locksley Hall"
Love's a menace
Youth delights in —
You recall?

And when gradu-
Ation sees you're
An alumn,
You'll be glad you
Rolled in leisure
Like a bum.

M. H. C.
Morningside.

October Trees.

IN bursts of yellow, vital and intense,
Translucent 'neath the paths of late sunshine,
They cast rich yellow shadows on the earth,
Or, riotous in wealth of colour, spread
Against dark pines in flaming forest fires.
Across the fields their masses green and red
Like gorgeous-figured Chinese lanterns glow.
The dripping colour on swift scurrying leaves
Is painted with the life-blood of the Fall.

EDITH BRAINERD ABERCROMBIE.

Vassar Miscellany.

The Oak's Farewell.

"Thorndike Oak cannot last for ever."
— *Bowdoin Orient.*

YES, I'm old and rough and gaunt;
Yet, within my lofty haunt,
Where the summer breezes set each ragged leaf a-flaunt,
Swarms a crowd of recollections of my early college loves,
Soft alighting on my branches like a flock of cooing doves.
And I whisper soft and low
The dear names I used to know,
As again I see the faces of the misty long ago,
Of the ones who've known and loved me and have felt their young hearts burn,
And have one by one departed, some to never more return.
But a gladness,
Mixed with sadness,
Steals upon me unaware,
As across the dear old campus, with the silver in their hair,
Once again I see them go,

With their footsteps rather slow,
But with figures once more straightened and with eyes once more aglow.
Oh! the mingled smiles and tears,
Oh! the changing hopes and fears
Which have thrilled my inmost fibres during more than fourscore years,
While the swelling glow of springtime, with its tender balmy days,
And the golden warmth of summer, with its shimmer and its haze,
And the autumn's gorgeous gleam,
And the winter's whistling scream,
Quickly flit again before me like the figures of a dream.
But the summer, spring, and autumn of my happy life is gone,
And the chilling clutch of winter now is surely drawing on;
For a slow but sure decay
Creeps upon me, day by day,
And with dull unfeeling fingers wears my mighty trunk away.
But at times I seem to hear
In the midnight still and clear,
Like the river's distant rushing coming faintly to my ear,

CAP AND GOWN.

In the long-forgotten accent of the mystic, ghostly dead,
Dear old voices calling, calling to the rest of Earth's cold bed.
So I'll take a fond farewell
Of the place in which I dwell,
And the ties which bind me to it with the power of a spell;
For I know, and that full surely, that whene'er my mighty form
Falls before the crashing lightning or the demons of the storm,
On the campus still I'll be,
And my form they still shall see
In the pale fantastic moonlight like a weird and ghostly tree.
And in clear or cloud or blast,
As my figure of the past
So my spirit to old Bowdoin shall be loyal to the last.

GEORGE H. STOVER.

Bowdoin Quill.

Fame.

I FOR fame have no desire,
Save what lies in this:
Let me sit before the fire
(Can I choose amiss?)

With a pipe and with a book,
You to dwell beside;
In your smiling eyes a look
Love has deified.

Just sufficient for us twain,
You and I together,
With a roof for days of rain,
Love for every weather.

Wrinkle.

The Spirit of Summer.

A LITTLE maiden with golden curls
Slipped into my life one April day,
Treading the grasses with merry feet,
Her arms full of cowslips and violets sweet,
With a circlet of green on her rippling curls, —
And sang to me on my way.

Through all the springtime I watched her grow
More beautiful daily, till stately and tall,
'Mid gardens of roses and lilies, in June,
She danced to the sound of the birds' sweet tune,
And richer and fuller her voice would flow
Than the songs of the waterfall.

And in the Autumn at harvest time,
She passed through the orchards and shocks of corn,
All wreathed in yellow and red and brown,
Bearing fruit in a fold of her russet gown.
By presses flowing with rich new wine, —
To the sound of the hunter's horn.

S. C. KENYON.
Western Reserve.

To a Rose.

YOU nestled in her hair to-night,
Half smothered in the misty light
That crowned her head, and like a queen
On golden dais, through the sheen,
You nodded to me from your height.

With reverent hand I set aright
One straying bit of crumpled white,
For half my sins you may redeem,
You nestled there.

You saw the mingled dark and bright
Of half-dropped eyes, the feigned flight—
Such blushes gentle maids beseem—
And then she gave me you; I deem
I knew my answer; well I might.
You nestled there.

W. C. B.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

A Lover to His Lady-Love.

I HAD rather you were beside me, love,
With the old-time faults that I knew so well,
Than a spotless angel from heaven above
From whose every breath a benison fell.

For I love the gleam of your gay blue eyes —
With their scorn and laughter and sudden pride —
And I love your petulant quick replies
Where the bitter and sweet sparkle side by side.

You were not all kind, you were not all true
In those days long dead that have left their scar,
But I love those faults, for those faults are you,
And I love you, dear, for just what you are.

MARY WILHELMINA HASTINGS.
Smith College Monthly.

The Winds.

WHEN the rustling leaves lie deep and brown,
And the trees are crowned with a golden crown,
I listen for songs of the brighter days,
When the sunset flared in a crimson blaze
To the heart of a summer sky of blue,
And bands of men sang true, sang true.
Oh, why is the air so sad, so still?
Why are the colours so soft on the hill?
The winds have come and blown away
The leaves of the trees and the grasses gay;
And the winds have carried away the Spring,
And the songs of men that used to sing
Gladly and sadly over the dale.

I heard a distant whistling boy,
Who whistled a song of the Spring's wild joy;
But over the hills all still in haze,
Coloured and dimmed in the autumn days,
The song became nor blithe nor gay,
But sad as the longing song of the day.
Oh, why is the air so sad, so still?
Why are the colours so soft on the hill?

CAP AND GOWN.

The winds have come and dimmed the air
With the smoke of the hill-fires here and there;
And the winds have carried away the Spring
And the songs of men that used to sing
  Gladly and madly down Life's trail.

Cornell Widow.

A Full Edition.

"MAY I print a kiss on your lips?" I said,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a full edition.

JOSEPH LILIENTHAL.
Harvard Lampoon.

The Yard in December.

THE pale, transparent Autumn mists
With wide-spread arms the Yard enfold,
And through the dusk the windows gleam
Into the night like ruddy gold.
The elms their ceaseless vigil hold,
And drone their mournful, deep refrain
Of sorrow as the Autumn dies
And Winter tempests come again.

And in the silent evening dusk,
When through the mists the lamp-lights glow,
And down the tree-arched paths dark forms
Like phantoms of the twilight go,
The towering ivy-mantled walls
Loom dark against the mists of white,
And all the Yard is folded in
The beauty of a Winter night.

ARTHUR D. FICKE.
Harvard Advocate.

Now, Wouldn't You Like to Know.

I.

A MAIDEN there is, with blue eyes that tease;
She laughs at me gaily, and says that I'm slow.
She scoffs me one minute, the next tries to please;
Then off she will flutter, with soft laughter low.
I asked her one day if I had any show; —
She's admired so much; — then out rippled a breeze.
"Oh, wouldn't you like to know?" she laughed,
"Now, wouldn't you like to know?"

II.

One night at a dance, — oh, moment most rare!
She had favoured me then before many a beau, —
As we sat in the garden away from the glare,
I spoke of the pleasure the poets declare, —
How sweet must her lips be; — she pursed them as though —

. . . . . .

I started; she ran, and, with face all aglow,
"Now, wouldn't you like to *know?*" she laughed,
"Now, wouldn't *you* like to know?"

III.

This maiden's "best girl-friend" came calling next day.
The gossip flew fast over friend and o'er foe.
"Now, dearest," said she, "you must not say me nay;
If you tell me your secret no farther 'twill go.
Did that horrid Jack kiss you? I can't think it's so."
But the answer flew back in the old taunting way:
"Now, wouldn't you like to know?" she laughed,
"Now, wouldn't you like to know?"

DYER SMITH.

Lehigh University Epitome.

Lover's Complaint.

TO be in love's a stern condition;
For when I'm not with thee,
To meet thee is my sole ambition
And time drags wearily!

To be in love's a wretched state;
For when I'm with thee, dear,
The hour is always waxing late,
And parting's always near!

Punch Bowl.

Decoramenta.

THE Freshman hies him to the shop
With goodly lucre meant to swap
For buttons bright with which to deck
His waistcoat front from band to neck.

Resplendent is he, yea and more,
With prep. school badge and pins galore.
Insignia are very fine,
But don't you think him asinine?

HENRY S. ELY.
Yale Record.

A Phantasy.

OH, the joy of a woolless pate,
Where wanton flies may play and skate!
To be so shining billiard bald
As ivory turned. And then it's called
Like heaven, since for want of hair
There's sure to be no parting there.
Of all the things for which men pine,
Like bootblacks, they most pine to shine.
While some may mourn for lack of wit,
The bald head shines in spite of it.

Campus.

De Gustibus.

I HAD two friends a while ago:
  One came at all his joy through strife,
And one took not his pleasure so;
  God sent them both a happy life.

One used his pinions eagle-like,
  And straight against the sun would rise,
And scout among the stars, and strike
  His quarry from among the skies.

And one was as the bee that strives
  Against no wind, but simply blows
Across the garden, and arrives
  Upon an unsuspected rose.

JOHN ERSKINE.
Morningside.

If.

IF I were a Prof, at O. S. U.
I know what I would do.
I'd give a lecture every day.
I'd never quiz, and never say
Impatient things, but I'd be gay
And happy, too, and wouldn't you,
If I were a Prof. at O. S. U.
When time for midterms came along
I'd say I thought it very wrong
To make the questions very strong.
And just a few would surely do
If I were a Prof. at O. S. U.
I'd tell the students every night
To go to every hop in sight
And be the Co-Eds' favourite.
That's what I'd do, and I'd go, too,
If I were a Prof, at O. S. U.
If students cut I'd not complain.
From scolding I would aye refrain.
Perhaps I'd let them cut again,
And I'd cut, too, that's what I'd do,
If I were a Prof. at O. S. U.
I'd never flunk, I'd never con,

I'd put my old spectacles on
And mark them passed, and when they'd gone
They'd say, "Ah, true, I think that you
Are the onlyest Prof. at O. S. U."

J.
Makio.

Three Wishes.

IF I were given wishes three
By her I love,
What would they be?

Methinks the first a wish like this
From her I'd ask,
A single kiss!

And then I'd feel one was too few
And wish again,
For kisses two!

Then lifted into highest bliss
I'm sure I'd wish
Another kiss.

M. N. SIMON.
Wrinkle.

Mabel's Way.

MABEL went a-fishing,
Mabel caught an eel.
Did she pale or hesitate,
Want to faint or squeal?

Did she lose her iron nerve
Or fall into the foam?
No. She just threw in the rod
And ran away for home.

ROBERT MEACHAM DAVIS.
Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Rosemary and Rue.

FAREWELL, we must forget, —
There is naught else for loveless hearts to do;
Let fall the rosemary, take up the rue.
And when our tear-dimmed eyes no more are wet, —
Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget, —
Among those joy-fraught dreams of long ago,
'Tis best to let the poppy blossoms grow.
Old mem'ries can but waken vain regret, —
Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget, —
For sighs and vows and joys, sweet love, and all,
Are dead delights, and fled beyond recall;
Rememb'ring them can only bring regret, —
Dear heart, we must forget.

Farewell, we must forget, —
But ere we part, love, for one moment stay,
Till from thine eyes I kiss the tears away,
And when our tear-dimmed eyes are more are wet, —
Dear heart, then we'll forget.

FLOYD W. JEFFERSON.
Yale Courant.

Chin Wee.

FASHIONED from lacquer and bronze and shell,
Writhing with dragons and shapes of Hell,
Grinning and stony and leering is he —
The little god on my manteltree.

Pot-bellied, slant-eyed, sly old mouth —
This powerful god of the Eastern South,
Far-fetched, ferried from lands over sea,
My little god of the manteltree.

I sit and smoke by the glowing coals,
And wonder if heathen gods have souls,
As I smoke and blink at the great Chin Wee
Cross-legged topping my manteltree.

I wonder if little bronze gods have hearts,
And whether like me they feel love's smarts,
Then he winks and nods, and in good Chinee
"We got plentee harem!" chuckles old Wee.

L. WARNER.
Harvard Advocate.

The Mandolin.

IT is a dainty thing, I ween,
Of ivory pegs and silver strings
And rounded case with softened sheen
Of polished wood. 'Mid scatterings
Of silk and wool, where scent brings
Quick memories, it lies within
The window-seat, where sunshine clings —
My little Polly's mandolin.

An envied thing it is, when seen
In Polly's hand, as Polly sings,
And looks on me with scornful mien;
For I hear naught of queens and kings,
And all the other paltry things
Of which she tells, while o'er the din
Of crowded street, its echo swings —
My little Polly's mandolin.

Forgive her, she is but fifteen,
Forget the saucy way she flings
Her tangled curls the strings between.
The music, tangled too, takes wings,

And only jangled discord rings
Within the window-seat. Akin
In changing moods to twenty springs —
My little Polly's mandolin.

L'ENVOI.

E'en now I hear its murmurings,
Though still it lies. Is it a sin
To love it, though it bears love's stings? —
My little Polly's mandolin.

R. C.
Wellesley Magazine.

Conquest.

IT'S two blue eyes with their lashes long,
(Mark well my lugubrious warning!),
It's two blue eyes with their lashes long
Can conquer a man be he ever so strong,
Can lead him to anything, everything wrong,
To toss nights and rave in the morning.

It's tendril locks and a dainty face,
(Beware! for the beauty goes deeper!),
It's tendril locks and a dainty face
Can lose him all sense of time, conduct, or place,
Compel him to kneel, to his lasting disgrace;
A wild irresponsible creeper.

It's grace and guile of a Circæan kind,
(Beware! man's an impotent creature!),
It's grace and guile of a Circæan kind
Can banish all sense from a reasoning mind,
Can make a youth happy to "go the thing blind,"
For love of each vanishing feature.

Cornell Widow.

Soliloquy at the Oak Grove (8.55 a.m.)

O MAIDEN crowned with tresses silken black,
I sing to thee!
My heart entreats (nay, do not turn thy back),
Pray come to me!
(She cometh not.)

O slender maid of golden locks possessed,
To thee I turn!
My muse implores thee come (and that's no jest),
For thee I yearn!
(She answers not.)

Then, little maid of graceful, airy tread,
I pray thee hear
The sad petition of an aching head,
And venture near.
(She ventures not.)

Alas! alack! they hear, but answer not.
Sad is my fate, unhappy is my lot.
Avoided, scorned, unnoticed — oh, thank Heaven!
Yes, coffee, please, and breakfast Number Seven.

HENRY W. PALMER.
Harvard Lampoon.

What Is Love?

I.

"OH, what is love?" the fair maid sighed,
And first the cynic spoke,
"Love's naught but painted shows and gaud,
Whereby men's hearts are broke."

II.

"Love?" quoth the gray-haired scientist,
Without the cynic's sneer,
"Love's the affinity between two cells,
The reason is not clear."

III.

"Love!" cried her suitor, young but poor,
"Love's what I feel for thee!
The throbbing of two hearts as one,
A mingling thee in me."

IV.

"Love?" laughed her friend, the fair coquette,
"Love's trifling with man's heart;
A game it is — a brilliant game
Where no man knows his part."

v.

"Love," growled the aged millionaire,
"Love is what I have here!"
The dollars jingled as he spoke,
The maiden sighed, "Yes, dear!"

A. J. T.
Cornell Widow.

The Prophet.

GRASPED by a mighty power and, fearless, hurled
Upon his times, he cries, — assured, alone.
His lines go out to all the wayward world,
And bind the straggling centuries in one.

GEORGE MATTHEWS PERKINS.
Syracuse University Herald.

Helen in Argos.

THEY sit with gods in slumber-breathing bowers,
The heroes who for my sake fought and died;
The woes of Troy beneath its fallen towers
Sleep half-forgotten, but with me abide
Sorrow and suffering thro' the weary hours.

Beneath my feet in deepening sapphire light,
Far, far below, the blue Ægean dreams,
And sprinkled islands from the waters bright
Rise gleaming in the sun's departing beams,
Or dim beneath the spreading robe of night.

The darkening heavens open, deep on deep,
Revealing all the starry-clustered gems
The drowsy gods for weary mortals keep
To crown their suffering, — vain diadems
To brows that crave no other gift than sleep.

A dreamless sleep, forgetfulness, no more,
No more, dear gods, with humble heart I pray:
The sleep that holds these waters and the shore.
The sun is set, the wave has ceased from play,
The winds are laid — such sleep for ever more.

F. M. Clapp.

Yale Literary Magazine.

My Zoological Flame.

DEAR girl, I wish I knew her well,
And yet I dare not call,
For spiders' webs and mud wasps' nests,
And ugly things that crawl,
Cocoons and bugs and toads adorn
Her desk and stand and wall.

Sweet girl, I'd love with her to walk,
If only I could stop her,
When she picks up, upon the spot,
An innocent grasshopper,
And tells his whole anatomy.
I do not think it's proper!

Bright girl, I'd like to chat with her,
But she speaks of Hymenoptera,
Of the stages of the Blastula,
And the various Orthoptera,
Of segments, somites, symmetry,
And of the Coleoptera.

Fair girl, I'd like to be her friend,
But may the gods protect me!

Perhaps she'd give me some such name,
Or else perchance dissect me,
Examine, analyse, and draw
And ne'er again collect me.

EDNA E. LINSLEY.
Mount Holyoke.

Longing for the Old Plantation.

OH, take me back to Massa an' ma ole Virginy home,
I was happy 'neath de sunny Southern sky;
I'se gettin' ole an' feeble, an' it makes me sad to roam.
Oh, take me back agen an' let me die.

Jes' let me see ma Dinah, she's a-waitin' dere fo' me,
In ma lonely little cabin far away.
I heah her voice a-callin', an' I a'most seem to see
Her deah ole face an' hair a-turnin' gray.

I see de little cabin wha de honeysuckle grew,
I see de vines a-climbin' roun' de door;
I see de ole plantation an' I see ole Massa, too,
Oh, take me back an' let me roam no more.

. . . . . .

If I could heah de banjo an' de songs ob happy days!
But neber shall I heah de ole refrain.
I'se gwine to heah de angels singin' sweeter songs ob praise,
An' ma heart will soon fo'get its ebery pain.

ADDISON H. HINMAN.
Garnet.

Song of the Smithy.

OH, a tempered sword,
Or a ploughshare's edge,
Or the steed of a knight for the shoeing —

A whispered word,
And a secret pledge,
With a nut-brown maid for the wooing!

Then wooing it,
Shoeing it!
Swinging it,
Singing it!
Blows are the armourer's trade.

While the hot sparks dart
From the forge fire's heart,
Like the eyes of his nut-brown maid.

L. W.
Harvard Advocate.

To Elizabeth.

A MAID of many moods is Bess,
She drives me to distraction,
With whims and fanciful ideas
Brim full of dashing action.

And then forsooth her mood will change.
'Tis then that Bessie's gravely sad,
Talks charmingly of books and art,
Of things both grave and gay and glad.

Heigho! But then 'tis 'Lizbeth's turn,
A merry, laughing lass is she,
With witty quip and sparkling jest,
Chock full of merriment and glee.

Then comes the part of Elspeth prim,
Demurely proper in her way,
Naively free from any fad,
Exactly knowing what to say.

Yet there are other moods than these:
As Betsy she is most capricious,
As Lizzie she is still the same,
As Betty she's indeed delicious.

Serenely Elsie plays her part,
Quite fancy free, but staunch and true,
Close followed by Elizabeth,
Mixture of rosemary and rue.

That she hath charms, 'tis doubtless true,
In every mood of her creation;
But as for me, if truth be told,
I dearly love the combination.

W. T. McINTYRE.
Princeton Tiger.

The Evening Rest.

WE hold each other by the hand,
The hush of twilight over all;
The day's work done, not as we planned,
Perhaps, but done; now hand in hand
We watch the deepening shadows fall.

Aye, work is o'er for us, dear friend,
And so we watch the fading light.
A few short years and then the end;
Still hand in hand in patience, friend,
With steadfast hearts we wait the end.

University of Virginia Magazine.

In the Tenth Circle.

DOWN under the ground, deep leagues adown,
In a shapeless cave of gloom,
Where no shadows fall in the utter dark,
And poisonous mushrooms bloom,
Where the toads are blind, and the sightless eyes
Of the serpents lustre lack,
And foul white bats on scaly wings
Flap silent through the black.
No sound, no sign of passing time
But the seconds dripping slow
As they fall down, down, deep fathoms down,
With a faint splash far below.
But these moping shapes, like leper ghosts
Who wail, yet nothing say,
With the misty eye and the unshorn hair,
Pray, Virgil, who are they?

(*Virgil speaks.*)

These wretched shades, who mumble on
With an evident lack of wits,
Are college bards, who must sing the songs
They have written for college 'Lits.'"

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

The Angel.

THE Angel of Renunciation came
And wrestled with me; and I would not cease,
From dusk to dawning, till I knew his name,
Wherefore he blessed my yearning: "I am Peace!"

JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY.
Morningside.

"When the Sleeper Wakes."

SI TODD, our Freshman from Podunk, last
Sunday — shame to tell!
When, as the parson prayed full long, into a slumber
fell.

His dreams were sweet and were of home, the
meadow and the field,
The barn-yard fowls, the brindle calf, the little pigs
that squealed.

And then our church choir broke loose, an anthem
sweetly sung,
And to the high notes, long sustained, right manfully
they clung.

The noise reached Si's sleep-deadened ears, and he
mistook the sound,
He thought he was at home again with all his goods
around.

Full loud his accents shouted out, and gave his voice
full scope,
And startled all within the church: "Dad, give that
calf more rope."

Yale Record.

The River of Commerce.

IT slaps and laps at the city's wharves,
And soaks in the slimy sedge,
It sweeps round a thousand tramp-tug dwarves
And boils near the dingy dredge.
It rushes against the landing-poles
With a swinging cadence harsh,
And a half-mile down, its silt it rolls
Into the salt-sea marsh.

No time to purl o'er pebbly pools,
No place for the turbid spume,
For the furnace cools, where languor rules,
And there is life in fuss and fume.

The spawn are rocked on the bed below,
Where the filmy fins fly fast,
Where the bulkheads rot, and the barnacles grow,
O'er the long-dismantled mast;
But freighter and ferry and burly barge
Above puff, pant, and pound,
And some like Progress loom up large,
Decay has hedged some round.

(No time to purl o'er pebbly pools,
  No place for the turbid spume,
For the furnace cools, where languor rules,
  And there is life in fuss and fume.)

Shimmering gules of sun that dance
  And dip in the glistering ray;
And the flying scud and the fog's advance
  When the dawn shows dim and gray,
But the ships strain up on the fierce flood tide
  In the shining day or the dull,
For the gossamer spires show a people's desires,
  And the river tugs at the hull.

No time to purl o'er pebbly pools,
  No place for the turbid spume,
For the furnace cools, where languor rules,
  And there is life in fuss and fume.

O. L.
Red and Blue.

Triolet.

MY love is like an even star,
Sweet glory in a purple gloaming,
No spangled gem, no golden spar,
My love is; like an even star —
A hope to heal when doubts do mar,
And guerdon of a long day's roaming.
My love is like an even star,
Sweet glory in a purple gloaming.

F. W. C. HERSEY.
Harvard Advocate.

The Stupid Grown Ups.

THEY threw my dearest doll away —
They said she was old and tattered.
(I knew it was only too much love
That made her look so battered.

I had hugged her until her joints were loose,
And her nose was cracked where I kissed her.)
They gave me a peppermint stick instead,
And thought I never missed her.

They took my dearest joy away —
They said I had rather outgrown it.
They gave me a new idea instead,
And thought I'd be proud to own it.

As if a toy could grow less dear
Because of constant loving —
A joy be less of heart's delight
Because of endless proving!

SUSAN GRANT.
University of Chicago Weekly.

The Last Party.

(Which is the unofficial class poem written for the class of Nineteen Hundred by Jesse H. Wilson, Jr.)

HERE'S to the end of the century, lads,
Here's the end of our comradeship,
Clench your trembling hands then, lads,
Sing! and drink in good fellowship.

[Tho' all foretell for good Cornell
Fair, ever bright'ning days,
Where's a sign of mine or thine
Beyond our college days?]

Bring us our mammoth rubicons
While we sit at the self-same board;
Oft we'll sit at lonely ones
Where a single glass is poured.

[The years have passed, God knows how fast,
While we have been together;
How will they stride when, far and wide,
Apart we chafe the tether?]

CAP AND GOWN.

Poured to a silent standing toast,
  Drunk to dear old days gone by,
Drunk on hill or plain or coast
  Till the last of the class shall die.

[For who can read the fateful screed,
  Until it has unrolled,
Who does not shrink nor ever think
  Of all it may enfold?]

Here's to the end of the century, boys,
  Come drink to blunt your sorrow;
Our yesterdays were daily joys,
  To-day is fraught with to-morrow.
So it's drink, drink, drink,
  And never mind your vows,
For he's a cad who stops to think
  At this our last carouse!

Cornell Widow.

Her Answer to His Verses.

YES; well I know that summer's gone,
We hear afar the coaching horn,
The herald of the fall;
You hasten back to cap and gown,
With book and pencil sit you down
To write of love; tho' with a frown,
For verses often pall.

You write of love for ever true,
You write of all my charms for you
With which your heart is stored.
And well I know how hard you've tried,
And hear as well as if you cried,
"I love you, and I wish beside
To make the Record Board."

RAYMOND BURNHAM.
Yale Record.

With a Golfer's Apologies to Tennyson.

BLANK, blank, blank—
As I top the ball on the tee,
And I would that my tongue dare utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Oh, well for my partner good
That he isn't watching the play.
Oh, well for the caddie-lad,
That he's deaf as a post to-day.

And my partner's ball sails on
To the last hole over the hill.
But oh, for the stroke of some fairy's wand
To hasten my ball which lies still!

Blank, blank, blank—
As I top the ball on the tee,
But another chance for a game that is lost
Will never come back to me.

Punch Bowl.

In Ethics.

BEHIND our books we trembling cower
Nor lift our eyes at all,
But pale we quake, for conscience doth
Make cowards of us all.

E. H. W.
Vassar Miscellany.

A Plea for Spring Poetry.

WHEN the poet in the Springtime
Sings of blossoms and of birds,
Then the worldlings shrug their shoulders
As they mock his joyous words,
Saying, "Why must poets bore us
And compel us still to hear
These ecstatic spring effusions
That they've sung us every year?"

Oh, you worldlings, surely never
Would you murmur or complain
That each year the selfsame blossoms
Come to gladden us again.
Then why blame the gentle poet
When each year he needs must sing
Still the selfsame song of gladness
For the beauty of the Spring?

R. K. K.
Mount Holyoke.

Nights and Days.

BY night I am a princess fair.
Rich jewels bind my golden hair,
My eyes are blue as heaven above,
My brow is fair as wing of dove,
My court dress, with a regal sweep
Of satin, falls about my feet.
I'm wondrous beautiful, dazzling quite,
When I'm a princess fair, by night.

When I'm a princess fair, by night,
My throne room is a gorgeous sight,
And courtiers gay in silks and lace
Bow low before my royal face,
And stand in readiness to do
Whate'er I shall command them to,
My will their law. I'm powerful quite,
When I'm a princess fair, by night.

By day, I'm a little country maid,
With pigtail tight, and manner staid.
My eyes are gray — my brows not fair,
My nose is pug, with freckles there.

CAP AND GOWN.

My dress is short and checked and blue,
With both my elbows peeping thro',
And I'm not beautiful, I'm afraid,
By day, when I'm a country maid.

By day, when I'm a country maid,
No homage at my feet is laid,
For mother won't my courtier be.
Instead she makes one out of me;
And I must sweep and sew, and do
Whatever mother tells me to.
My royal power fades away
When I'm a country maid, by day!

SYBIL LAVINIA FOX.
Smith College Monthly.

The Omen.

PERPLEXED with deciding
Between Jack and Harry,
She left it to chance
Which one she would marry.

She tossed up a penny,
And vowed if 'twas "head,"
To be Jack's; if 'twas "tails,"
To be Harry's instead.

The coin came up "head"
In spite of resource.
Which one did she wed?
Why, Harry, of course.

Wrinkle.

My Bess.

WHEN the first faint stars come peeping out
As the summer sun goes down,
I meet my Bess at the pasture bars
Afar from the noisy town.

She stands where the white fringed daisies spring
At the crest of the grassy rise,
With the golden light on her pretty face,
And a welcome in her eyes.

She's always waiting to greet me there,
Be it fair or stormy weather,
And side by side in the gathering dusk
We wander home together.

'Tis only a month since first we met,
On a dewy morn in May,
But I'll never sell her while she gives
Ten quarts of milk a day.

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Record.

A December Prayer.

GIVE me the thoughts of long dead years;
As into the new I go,
Give me the songs of the old, old past,
That send me, how, I do not know,
Into the life of the coming days,
Filled with the joys of thought;
Yet we long for the other times,
When the deeds themselves were wrought.

Give me these many thoughts and songs,
Clad in editions rare,
Printed on paper of texture fine,
And bound with special care —
Give me these as the fire burns dim,
And the night grows bleak and cold,
For I would read the long night through,
And live in the days of old.

G. C. WING, JR.
Brunonian.

A Valentine.

JUST for one day, my heart, of all the year,
One day, let's put aside our pride and fear;
Forget the common words, so cold and loud, —
The "liking," "fondness," "friendship" of the crowd, —
And with frank eyes, and voices low and clear,
Oh, heart, just this once, say, "I love you, dear."

S. J. McM.

Vassar Miscellany.

Ballad of the Afternoon Tea.

THE winter season is now begun,
  Its whirl and rush are beyond all doubt.
In the genial rays of the social sun
  The buds, half-opened, are blooming out.
  They scatter their sweetness round about,
And spread their petals in manner fit,
  At the afternoon tea — that merry rout —
And its "Giggle, gabble, gobble, and git!"

The joys of all are the joys of one, —
  The stairs are stifled with matrons stout,
The mother fond wears a smile o'erdone,
  The half-dazed daughters all pose and pout.
  A few black coats struggle in and out
Of the flower-decked room all gaily lit,
  Where shineth the silver kettle and spout —
And its "Giggle, gabble, gobble, and git!"

The pourers' tones through the chatter run —
  "One lump or two, please? With or without?"
A place by their side is only won
  Through tactics worthy a North End tout.

There's small chance for converse 'mid such a rout,
From bud to bud one must quickly flit,
Bolt something down, and then wriggle out —
And its "Giggle, gabble, gobble, and git!"

L'ENVOI

Prince, if these verses perchance you flout,
Deeming I know not at what I hit,
Go then yourself to that babbling bout
And its "Giggle, gabble, gobble, and git!"

H. P. HUNTRESS.
Harvard Lampoon.

Poet's Epitaph.

HE strove, and yet he laboured not;
He feared and trembled, yet was brave;
Ah, he remembered, but forgot;
He loved the world, yet sought the grave.

Yea, thus he strove, remembered, feared;
But now he lives and loves and sings;
For when he died, a star appeared,
And whispered, "See the light he brings."

JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN.
Morningside.

Winter-Song for Pan.

SEE how a king can slumber on his throne —
Pan sleeps within the forest! There I heard
Him piping once, there once I heard him shame
The wild bird with his note, but now he sleeps,
Wrapped in the ragged drifting of the snow,
Half-naked to the wind, and by his side
The magic pipes, long fallen from weary hand.

God of the drowsy noon, awake! awake!
Pipe me a summer tone once more, and pipe
Thy godhead back again! Hast thou forgot
The finger-tips a-tingle on the pipes,
The musing tone a-tremble on the lips,
The sweets divinely breathed, the summer sweets?
Hast thou forgot the noon-day peace, the touch
Of forest-greenness resting on the world,
The hollow water-tinkle of the brooks,
The startled drone of some low-circling bee?
Once thou didst love the heat, the hushed bird-song,
The rich half-silence, fallen on the ear,
Like brooding ocean-whispers on the sands.
It is full-silence now; all bird and bee
Are silent; crystal-frozen brooks are hushed

And wind mute silver through the land, like veins
In quarried stone; the forest voice is gone —
Hearken the withered crackle of the leaf
Whose sigh of old was beautiful! The pipes
Of Pan are stopped with icicles, where once
Breath of a god made music. Foolish god!
Thy finger-tips can tingle now with cold,
And only frost be trembling on thy lips.
Thou art but half a god, and see, the cold
Hath gnawed away thy half-divinity,
And made thee seem half-beast. The mocking chill
Of winter parodies all human grief
In thee; those bitter ice-drops on thy cheek —
Was ever human tear so hard and cruel?
Age cannot touch the gods, but see, the snow
Hath crowned thee whiter than a thousand years!
All this is for thy sleep! Awake, O Pan!
Breathe on thy pipes again, O pipe me back
One summer day, and be the god of old!
Wake bird and leaf to sighing and to song,
Loose me the brook, and rouse the droning bee,
Pipe down the noon-day peace, the healing touch
Of forest-greenness resting on the world;
And come thou to thy kingdom back, and pipe,
With mellow pipings answer me, who now
Must wake and tune for thee my weaker song,
But at thy waking thou shalt answer me;

And bird and leaf and brook and drowsy noon
Shall meet the wild bee's droning in thy song,
Shall close me in with sweets, shall bear me down
With ecstasy of summer sweets, until
At lazy length, as on a summer's day,
I lose myself in thee, and dream, dream, dream.

JOHN ERSKINE.
Morningside.

The Loss of the College Pump.

"We are reminded, furthermore, of the taking off of the college pump that stood on the old well site, almost, it seems, from the very beginning of college. . . . In this connection there have come to the *Tuftonian* several verses that speak the college sentiment."

PRAYER OF THE UNDERGRADUATE.

IN sorrow bowed,
With hearts bereft,
We thank thee, Lord,
For all that's left.

Our hearts are rent,
In fear we cower,
Lest they should take
The Chapel Tower.

We humbly ask
On bended knees
They'll kindly leave
A few old trees.

RICHARD BRADFORD COOLIDGE.
Tuftonian.

Quatrain.

MY song is silenced, yet the echo stays;
The vision lingers, though the colours fail.
So love's dear memories leave their joys always, —
My quest is granted; I have seen the grail.

KENDALL BANNING.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

The Autumn Cry.

THISTLEDOWN, motionless over the hill,
Hid in the gold of the lazy day,
Waiting for breezes that nestle still
Beyond the hills of the Far-Away: —
Censers of incense, swinging the smoke
From the plain to the hill, from the hill to the sky;
Censer of sadness, swinging aloft,
To the wail of the Autumn Cry.

Over the hill, a butterfly, gay,
Fluttered alone on her lonely way;
And a bird swung high to the hazy sky,
And lingered a moment, a speck in the gray. —
Oh, one must gaze to the purple haze
Where the hills lie low as swallows fly,
And long for a life one never may know,
Beyond the hills where the thistles grow,
Away in the mist, where the bird has flown,
Away where the drowsy winds have blown,
In the path of the Autumn Cry.

Cornell Widow.

The Ballad of the Overconfident Pollywog.

A FABLE FOR FRESHMEN.

WITHIN a pleasant shaded pool,
Which nestled in a dell,
As happy as he well could be,
A pollywog did dwell.
He played with minnows all day long,
And thought he was a fish,
Until he saw a small boy swim;
Then Woggles wished a wish:

"I wish I had a pair of legs
(I'm now all tail and head),
I want to be like other boys;"
He then swam into bed.
When on the morrow he awoke
His tail wagged fast for joy,—
He found he had two strong hind legs,
And thought he was a boy.

Then Woggles cut his minnow friends
And tried to tilt his nose,

And when the boys came out to swim
He bumped against their toes.
But soon a handsome fisherman
Came strolling down the sands;
When Woggles saw him casting flies
He wished a pair of hands.

Within two days he'd grown two arms,
And on each arm a hand.
That pool seemed far too mean for him;
He crawled out on the land.
His bosom heaved and swelled with pride.
Said he: "I'm lord of all,
I get whatever I desire."
(His pride soon had a fall.)

His tail dropped off at his command,
He thought his power immense;
But with such measure of success
Came overconfidence.
He lay one day upon a rock
Observing men and things,
He saw the swallows sweeping wide
And wished a pair of wings.

Next morning without making sure
That wings had grown that night,

He called a crowd to watch him fly,
And gloried in his might.
Then climbing up a precipice
He jumped; and when he struck,
Poor Woggles, bruised and sad at heart,
Was swallowed by a duck.

MORAL.

Ye Freshmen who would make your mark
(A goodly thing to do),
Do not, through confidence, bite off
Too much for you to chew.
But rather ape the elephant,
And tread his path to fame.
That creature "has no wings at all,
But gets there just the same."

F. R. DuBois.
Harvard Advocate.

Life.

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our fame eternal;
And departing leave behind us
Six-inch headlines in the *Journal.*

L. F. M.
Red and Blue.

Springtime.

A FLASH of rose in the east and west,
A wink of green by the river's mouth,
To north, the flame of a robin's breast,
And a thrush is singing in the south.

B. F. GRIFFIN.
Harvard Advocate.

The Football Maiden.

HIS first moustache was just in bud,
There in the dim-lit hall they stood.
He asked her if one kiss she would
Not give. She did not much frown,
A maiden up to date was she,
Football she knew from A to Z.
She kissed him, and then laughingly
She said, "That was a touch-down!"

Lake Forest Student.

Dutch Lullaby.

THE weather-brown windmill swings to rest;
Its whimsical drone is o'er.
The peat-smoke mantles a curling crest
On the quay by the dyke-bound shore.
While the Zuyder Zee sings low to thee,
Murmuring, "Kindje, sleep."

The fancy-fairies have sailed away,
'Cross the twinkling moon-winked snow,
In the steeple-hats of mynheer's array
And his sturdiest wooden sabots. —
Oh! for the streams of the land of dreams,
Whispering, "Kindje, sleep."

So quick, my sweet, ere the goblin-elf
Peer out on thy blue-bright eyes,
For swift he swoops from the pottery-shelf
And dread are the dreams he plies.
But never a fear, for the moon rides clear,
Signalling, "Kindje, sleep."

HOWARD A. PLUMMER.
Yale Literary Magazine.

Indian Summer.

NOW the scarlet tints the tree-tops, and the robin-birds repair,
Eager soaring, to the southland, o'er the leagues of amber air.
The landscape lies a-dreaming while the languid zephyr swoons,
And above the weedy wayside float the thistle-down balloons.
Let us wander, then, once more,
Ere the summer days are o'er,
For the sun is hiding sooner and the winter lies before.

Now the golden-bearded grain in tangled tufts is lying low,
And like lanterns through the fields the ruddy globes of asters glow.
The stars at eve are beaming with a clear and colder light,
And the frost-man in the morning dusts the meadow-land with white.

Kindle flame and close the door,
For the summer days are o'er.
The wind is blowing keener and the winter lies before.

C. H. COLLESTER.
Amherst Literary Monthly.

Sonnet: To the Hudson.

THERE in its old historic splendour stands
The home of England's far-famed Parliament,
And waters of the Thames in calm content
At England's fame flow slowly o'er their sands;
And where the Rhine past vine-entwinèd lands
Courses in castled beauty, there I went;
And far to southern rivers flower-besprent,
And to the icy streams of northern strands.

Then mine own native shores I trod once more,
And, gazing on thy waters' majesty,
The memory, O Hudson, came to me
Of one who went to seek the wide world o'er
For love; but found it not. Then home turned he
And saw his mother waiting at the door.

GEORGE S. HELLMAN.
Columbia Literary Monthly.

Influence.

THE last light lingers in the west
Upon some bits of floating cloud
Which ever gleam and gleam, while to the rest
Are but allowed
Fainter, reflected rays to light them forth
Into the chill, black north.

This lot be mine:
To catch the glow direct from some world-light
Whose influence, serene and bright,
Shall tinge my night,
And, by reflection, shine
On darker dust-clouds back along the line.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.
Nassau Literary Magazine.

Vagabonds.

AWAY! away! the king's highway
Shall be our home this weather.
O'er hill and dale we'll tramp along
And sing a song together.

A song of rain and burning sun
And jolly inns to rest in.
Or should the night come unaware,
A bed of leaves to nest in.

Our fellow vagabond, the wind,
Will lead us merry chases,
Till filled with summer's laziness
We seek the quiet places.

In little dells that mother Earth
Has hid among the mountains,
Then we will sleep the livelong day
By drowsy bubbling fountains.

We travel northward with the Spring,
With Summer we will tarry,
Then southward quickly haste away
When Fall and Winter marry.

CAP AND GOWN.

Away! away! the king's highway
  Shall be our home this weather.
O'er hill and dale we'll tramp along
  And sing a song together.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Solitude.

THERE was no sound save, faintly heard,
The murmur of the trees;
Yet in my heart I seemed to hear
Eternal harmonies.

The pines bent dark above my way,
The pale stars scarce shone through;
Yet in their light I seemed to know
The beautiful and true.

E. R. G.
Vassar Miscellany.

My Wine.

"GOOD old Earth, be thou my wine
Whence I quaff off draughts at will;
Till each sluggish vein of mine
All thy ruby juices fill.

"Leaf and bird and mountain dim,
Tease me with these sips divine;
Stay me at the beaded brim
Like a pilgrim at his shrine.

"Bid me leap and laugh and sing
Till the pulses dance with glee;
Till my very soul takes wing —
Rhythmic grown — with loving thee."

R. R. KIRK.
Inlander.

Li'l Pickaninny Coon.

MAMMY'S li'l pickaninny coon,
Playin' in de sun de whole day long—
Sleepy time am comin' t' him soon,
Mammy'll sing huh honey babe a song:
Honey—

Toddle heah t' mammy on yo' tih'd li'l feet,
Put yo' haid against yo' mammy's knee,
Yo' 's done played so hahd dat yo' is jes' clean beat,
Come right heah an' clos yo' eyes fo' me,
Honey, sleep; Honey, sleep.

Rabbit dat yo' mammy made fo' yo'
Want to shet he li'l beady eyes.
Leave 'im dar an' let 'im sleep — why sho!
Don' yo' see dat bunny never cries?
Honey—

Come on, honey, yo' mos' good enough to eat,
Jes' as nice a babe as yo' kain be.
Hush . . . Hush . . . yo' 's so sweet,
Close yo' eyes fo' me.
Honey, sleep; Honey, sleep.

P. H.
Princeton Tiger.

A Cheerful Song.

A WHIFF o' good Virginia tobacco,
And a sip of that or this;
A lad to line a jolly song staccato —
What the devil do you find amiss?

What do you find amiss?
Here is brew, here is bliss;
And a pipe and a bowl,
And a ripe red coal,
And a song to top the whole.

A roof to keep you dry in ugly weather,
And the firelight on the floor;
A corner when you come to slip your tether —
Why in Hades do you ask for more?

Why do you ask for more? —
With the glow on the floor;
And a bench to laugh and die in,
And a trench to lie for aye in,
And good earth atop the whole.

Wrinkle.

Visitation.

BRUSH your hair carefully,
Tie your cravat;
Then, smiling cheerfully,
Put on your hat.
That's preparation.

Jump on a Subway car,
Stand half an hour;
Jostled and jerked you are
Till you're quite sour.
That's transportation.

Filled with vague hopes and fears,
Ring the bell lightly,
Wait till the maid appears,
Ask her politely,
In expectation,

"Is Miss Priscilla home?"
Then hear her say, sir,
In her politest tone,
"No, she's away, sir."
That's all damnation.

HENRY W. PALMER.
Harvard Lampoon.

Sonnet.

(On Hearing an Orchestral Rendering of the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana.)

A LOW full sweep of instrumental string
That swells until its crashing chords break high
And dash the melody up to the sky
To drop like echoes of its thundering!
Ah, I have heard the wavering music sing
Its song of all that manhood loves, while I,
A moment, felt my soul in anguish cry
Aloud, and from its earth-formed shackles fling.

O you, who creep along amidst this strife,
Forgetting why you came to live with men,
Sick with "this strange disease of modern life,"
Uplift but once an ear and listen when
The melodies of music murmur rife—
How strange they echo in your brazen den!

Cornell Widow.

All in the Wind.

SHE smiled! — she did — she smiled at me!
I caught the flashing, laughing blue
Of her eyes, as I hurried by;
She smiled at me! — I swear 'tis true!
I thought not how the north wind blew,
And then, — as I glanced backward, I
Was positive she smiled at me, —
With scarlet lips curled roguishly,
She spoke, and spoke of me, I knew.
She smiled at me, and yet am I
So hugely tickled 'cause of that?
Why, no. The fact is, — though it's true,
'Twas I that she was laughing *at*, —
The puppy she was talking *to*
Was Smith, — an ass, — a Cheshire cat!
And as the freakish wind blew high
(She calls me, doubtless, old and fat),
She smiled to see me chase, and try
To catch my hat.

R. E. GIBBS.
Occident.

The Sea-Bird's Cry.

THE waves are still, and touched with crimson light,
Along the shore is scarce a line of foam;
The world is listening for the coming night,
The restless waterfowl fly swiftly home.

The calm, still air is filled with the low moan
Of the great ocean, and, for day to set
Scarce waiting, two wee stars come out alone,
While, merged in fire, the sun and sea are met.

Far out where that lone rock stands as if hurled,
Is one small bird whose note sings sweet and clear,
And all the lonely longing of the world
Is bodied in the haunting cry we hear.

Oh, little soul of melancholy! fire
Thou never felt burns in the heart of man,
The passion and the power of our desire,
The leagues 'twixt what we would and what we can.

How canst thou know? And yet thou speakst it all,
The longing, and the striving, and the pain,
The tragedy of triumph and of fall,
The disillusion when our ends we gain.

EDITH F. PARSONS.
Stanford Sequoia.

A Coward.

HE who through the lapse of years
Hears the music of the spheres
And will not unto the world the wild song sing,
Hating self, exists in scorn,
In his heart a scorpion thorn,
For his deeds are the deeds of a craven,
Though his soul of a king.

Inlander.

Sonnet.

THERE shines the morning star! Through the forlorn
And silent spaces of cold heaven's height
Pours the bright radiance of his kingly light,
Swinging in reverie before the morn.
The flush and full of many tides have worn
Upon the coasts beneath him, in their flight
From sea to sea; yet ever on the night
His clear and splendid visage is upborne.

Like this he pondered on the world's first day,
Sweet Eden's flowers heavy with the dew;
And so he led bold Jason on his way,
Sparkling for ever in the galley's foam;
And still he shone most perfect in the blue,
All bright and lovely on the hosts of Rome.

W. STEVENS.

Harvard Advocate.

Resolved?

ANOTHER year's come 'round again,
And as I've always done,
Some resolutions, few, but good,
I have decided on.

I'm never going to borrow books
And keep them till the owner
Has hunted them throughout the hall.
That book? — Oh, Nell's "Ramona!"

At any rate, my mind's made up
To stop all chapel cuts.
Of course I wasn't there last night,
But then — Oh, dear! these "buts!"

Resolved am I, I'll be on time
For every meal as well —
Good gracious! can that awful gong
Be our last dinner bell?

G. A. P.
Vassar Miscellany.

Izaak Walton's Prayer.

A CRINKLING, sun-specked stream, some kindly shade,
A friend who loves a chub or dappling trout,
My mug of barley-wine when sport's been played,
A nut-brown lass with tender-melting pout.

Arcadian-homely hours, apart from men,
Pursuing my sequestered, gentle art,
Making my toil and pastime so to blend
That peace unruffled dwells within my heart.

Fish-dimpled waters that with slumbrous croon
Lap banks with ladies'-smocks made fair and sweet.
Keep me, O Lord, from London's loveless gloom,
Let Walton lie at Severn's rustling feet.

D. L. James.
Yale Courant.

Quatrain.

THE red rose petals droop and fall —
Must we then mourn, with futile tears?
Nay, Love, be glad through all the years
That the red rose has lived at all.

Morningside.

The Last Spring.

LYING out on the campus
  Under the stars of May,
Singing the old songs over;
  Smoking the night away;
Bright is the star above us,
  Soft is the breath of spring;
Give me a pipe and a song and a night,
  And I am creation's king.

Lying out on the campus
  Hand a-grip with hand,
Trusting the loves we've followed,
  Groping to understand
The throb and pain of parting
  With these fair nights that glide
Out of the world and into our hearts,
  Into our hearts and there abide.

R. D.

Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Lullaby, Rest.

LULLABY, lullaby,
Night winds are blowing,
Tree-top and mountain are wrapped in soft gloom;
Dainty little flow'ret, tired head is drooping,
Wee baby-birdling, bright eye is closing,
Sweet song is ended;
Glad voice is still;
Sleep thou, too, little one.
Lullaby, rest.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Lady-moon is shining,
Tiny star-travellers are out on their way;
Far from their lanterns the bright rays are streaming,
Lighting the world of men till the new day.
Soft is the starry light;
Quiet the whispering night;
Sleep on, dear child of day.
Lullaby, rest.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Gently rocks thy cradle,
The cradle of mother's arms, tender and strong.
Soft is thy pillow — pillow of mother's breast,
Sweet shall thy slumber be, slumber of perfect rest.

Nothing can harm thee;
Mother's love guards thee;
Sleep on, glad child of love.
Lullaby, rest.

ELLEN RUSSELL MANCHESTER.
Wellesley Magazine.

Suggested by Plato's Bust in the Logic Room.

AS in some foreign realm of nether kind,
Thou dwellest coexistent with its race
A mental deity.
Scion of the royal caste
Whose cult is nearest the divine,
Prince of Philosophers!
Thy placid brow uncrowned with laurels or with bays
Hath yet a nobler coronal,
High priest of the Vestal, Truth.
The changeful tenets of the vandal, Time,
Sweep by like eddies that combine, and break themselves
Around the rocks immutable.
We ask not, Plato, to pursue the heights so far
Where Reason, learning's handmaid, hath led thee,
Unique in mastery.
We bide content upon a lowlier plane,
The summits unattained
In Reason's way;
And only crave the smallest portion
Of that essence psychogonic
Which in logic can insure us 'gainst a "flunk."

MARY A. MOLLOY.
Makio.

For Memory's Sake.

JUST as of old, Babette, long, long ago,
To wander where the soft-eyed violets grow,
Down by the moss-banked, fancy-haunted lake,
For Memory's sake.

Just as of old, Babette, long, long ago,
Sing o'er the tender love-songs, whisper low
Of hearts that burst with joy, and hearts that break
For Memory's sake.

Just as of old, Babette, long, long ago,
To linger in the purple twilight's glow,
While eyes and lips and hearts fond tribute take,
For Memory's sake.

FLOYD W. JEFFERSON.
Yale Courant.

Verse.

A MELANCHOLY Prussian
Should cannibals eschew,
For poison of the worst sort
Is a dose of Prussian blue.

O. L.
Red and Blue.

His Sentence.

UP before the bar of justice,
Pale and tense with expectation,
Stood the pleader for indulgence,
Fearful of his condemnation.

Coldly and without emotion,
"Twenty days," his doom was read;
Yet to the trembling youth it seemed
An angel's voice the words had said.

"To twenty days," the scribe continued,—
The youth's heart beat with high elation,—
"Owing to your cousin's illness
We extend your week's vacation."

HENRY W. ELIOT, JR.
Harvard Lampoon.

His Birthday.

WHEN'S my birthday comin'?
Why, I ain't never had none, y' see;
They're just for the boys in stories,
And not for poor fellers like me.
I've got to take care of the fam'ly,
Ma and Bess, and the children, too,
Since father he took to drinkin',
'Cause he couldn't find work to do.

And don't I want presents and candy,
Like the boys in the books I've read?
What! With Bessie home sick with the fever
And the little 'uns cryin' for bread?
Well, ye bet yer, I don't, not a bit, sir;
Why, the pennies is only too few,
When we've got to buy coal for the winter
And the room-rent is just comin' due.

Ma, she takes in a small bit o' washin',
And sometimes she does purty well;
But we mostly depends for our livin'
On the papers I manage to sell.

So you see I don't worry 'bout birthdays
  Like a millionaire's son, or a prince,
'Cause I had one the day I was born on,
  And I never ain't had any since.

But, mister, don't give me away, sir,
  'Cause I ain't told none other but you,
There's a day I pretend is my birthday,
  Jest as if it was, really and true;
It's the Lord's birthday — Christmas I
    means, sir,
  And I may not be right, but, y' see,
He knows I ain't got none meself, sir,
  And I'm sure he'll share his'n with me.
For he once was a poor boy himself, sir,
  And he knows well what poverty is,
So I guess he won't care if my birthday
  Does come on the same day with his.

G. C. Reid.

Georgetown College Journal.

Her Dilemma.

I DON'T believe in telling fibs
About one's age, do you?
And yet at times 'tis pretty hard
To know just what to do.
For instance, in another week
My birthday will be here,
And Cousin Jack has vowed to take
A kiss for every year.

Now, if I tell him I'm real old,
It might perhaps leak out
And be believed by all my friends
As Gospel truth no doubt.
But on the other hand, if I
Take off a year or two,
You see yourself that Jack won't — well,
What *am* I going to do?

PAUL B. MCVEY.
Morningside.

A Class-Day Hamlet.

TO spread or not to spread, that is the question;
Which is the better policy, to suffer
The sneers that come from social debts unpaid,
Or take up arms against such obligations,
And thus, by spreading, end them?
To spread — no more, and by a spread we mean
Salads and ices, sandwiches and punch,
Cake and croquettes, rich strawberries and cream,
And music's sound, to soothe each festive guest
When filled to bursting — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished by all invited.
But, as for all spread-givers, a bare bodkin
Were better far. For who would bear these ills, —
The sudden giving out of all provisions
Just at the time when guests pour in the thickest;
The sight of Her a-flirting with some Junior,
While you as host cannot forsake your duties,
But needs must stand and listen to the drooling
Of dowagers, and "pills," and every comer?
'Tis by these thoughts my hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of dread.
The spreads — and then the bills — aye, there's the rub!

For from those class-day spreads what duns may
come
One ne'er can tell. No, no, I will not spread,
But at the spreads of all the other fellows
I'll feast and drink, and frappéd aqua cut
In great abundance with some fair Ophelia.

H. P. HUNTRESS.
Harvard Lampoon.

Beloved Syracuse.

Tune, Integer Vitæ

WHEN morning breaks in radiance, overstreaming
Hilltop and vale, the darkness dissipating,
We turn to thee with joyous song and greeting,
Beloved Syracuse.

As speeds the day in glowing, golden splendour,
Noontide in boldness follows redd'ning morning,
Still bolder grows our song of love's devotion,
Beloved Syracuse.

But evening shadows lengthen all around us,
Softly and gently call to adoration, —
'Tis then we greet thee, dim, 'mid darkness falling,
Beloved Syracuse.

When twilight flees, and night, enrobed and sombre,
Comes like the breeze, nor whence can we discover,
We raise to thee a parting hymn in worship,
Beloved Syracuse.

Syracuse University Herald.

At the Rock.

WHERE a river of the Northland,
Rushing down in whirling courses
From its far-off mountain sources,
Pours into the home of rivers,
Stands a rock.

Here the Spirit of the Ocean,
Rough, with hair and garment whitened,
Greets the torrent, wild, half frightened,
In a song of boisterous welcome
At the rock.

"Welcome! welcome!" is his greeting,
"Rest in peace, thy journey ended,
For thy soul, by whirlpools rended,
Here upon its rest shall enter,
At the rock."

And the Spirit of the River,
Supple, lithe, with blue eyes gleaming,
And her fair hair gaily streaming,
Shouts her answer, full of gladness,
At the rock.

So the song goes on for ever,
And the river still is singing
To the Ocean's welcome, ringing
High above their flung caresses,
At the rock.

WILLIAM SMITH PETTIT.
Williams Literary Monthly.

Cupid's Metamorphosis.

WHEN Phyllis trips out in the rain,
The smiling sun for me shines fair,
The birds sing out a joyful strain,
And love makes glad the landscape drear.

When Phyllis in the spring's away,
The muffled sun forgets to shine,
The birds sing dirges all the day,
And mournful then's this heart of mine.

My moral read as you pass by:
'Tis not the Spring, nor Nature's arts,
Nor yet the nestling's sweetest cry,
That to the lover joy imparts:
But he must smile whene'er he can,
If Cupid be the weather man.

M. S. W.
Princeton Tiger.

Song of the Mad Poet.

NORTH of the North Star,
East of the moon,
Comes sweet singing
Of an old rune.

List to the song,
Heart of my heart!
List to the burble
Of a rum start;

How in the morning,
Ere the day broke,
I sat in my pajamas
Smoking a smoke.

M. P.

Tennessee University Magazine.

Hunting Song.

KEEN is the breath of the waning year,
When the frost lies white, and the day breaks clear,
With a promise of hunting weather;
And glad is the message the echo brings,
And merry the song that the loud horn sings,
Calling the pack together.

Then it's mount, and away, on roan and gray,
With an easy pace and the hounds in play,
Till the red fox breaks from cover;
Then spur and a loose rein, mile on mile,
With never a pause for hedge or stile,
But ride at it hard, — and over.

The sparkling air is a cordial rare,
And there's never a leap too high to dare
With the swift running pack to lead us;
Through ride and covert and fallow land,
It's "Hark away" still, while the horse can stand,
With the joy of the chase to speed us.

CAP AND GOWN.

Then here's to the days when the red leaves blaze —
With a sprinkle of frost in the woodland ways,
And the clear air's keen and stinging;
And here's a bumper to horse and hound,
With the rhythm of hoofs on the frozen ground,
And the cry of the chase a-ringing.

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Courant.

My Room-Mate.

WHEN my room-mate gets cross and her brown eyes look black,
And the books come down on her desk with a whack,
The pillows go flying across the floor,
And she gives a terrible bang on the door,
It's not safe to laugh and it's not wise to grin,
When my room-mate gets cross and the dimples go in.

When my room-mate gets good, her smile is so bright,
The pillows stay straight, and all things are right.
The door only squeaks when she now comes along,
And the books go down quietly — nothing is wrong,
And if I just dared, I would jump up and shout,
When my room-mate gets good and the dimples come out.

S. L. B.
Vassar Miscellany.

Hopes and Fears.

WHEN sunset throws a golden shaft
To tinge my paper as I write,
I wonder if my toilsome craft
Will bring me, too, a golden light.

And then, when night snuffs out the sun
And shadows blot my careful script,
I fear that everything I've done
Will in oblivion, too, be dipped.

T. H. G.
Brunonian.

My Love and I.

I.

MY Love and I went maying
Beneath the warm Spring sun.
The young green leaves were swaying;
The scented breeze was playing.
My Love and I went maying: —
O joy of life begun!

II.

In Summer's noontide glowing,
Upon the shaded grass,
We saw the cloud-ships blowing,
The crimson roses growing. —
Ah, joy beyond all knowing!
Ah, love too sweet to pass!

III.

When Autumn mists were lying
So lonely on the plain,
When wild sad winds were crying
And sullen cloud-drifts flying,
Then, deep beyond all dying,
Our love was born again.

IV.

While snowflakes whirling, swaying,
Fell from the sunless sky,
We two, dark fears allaying,
In memory went straying: —
My love and I went maying,
My old sweet love and I.

ARTHUR D. FICKE.
Harvard Advocate.

Promenading Ontology.

"THE concept, the being, the essence, the part," —
These meanings I've got in a fuzzle, —
"The whatness, the ego, the" — has she a heart? —
Jack says she's a fair little puzzle.

"The concept, the being, the essence of things" —
Ye gods, will I ever be done?
The cotillion, the memory such happiness brings,
"Consensus," I swear she's a coy little one.

"The concept, the being," that's ever the way,
There's always just three in the case,
She's a fair little sinner for all they may say,
"The substance, humanus," the deuce, where's the place?

"The concept — the concept —" where did I leave off?
"The major concedo, the minor deny,"
They're all very jealous and that's why they scoff,
Ye gods! the exams! and the time's drawing nigh.

E. T. D.
Xavier.

Mutabile.

I KNOW a meadow stream not far away,
That winds 'mid grasses high and wavy sedge,
And ceaselessly the wavelets 'long the edge
Lap gurgling in the flags and reed, and sway
The lily-pads all through the dreamy day.
And all is peace; the far-off bells at noon
Scarce sound above the insect roundelay,
Nor distant whistle stirs the death-still swoon.

I know a stream where black ice-masses creak
And boom, while through the dry stalks on the shore
The winds wail ghostly in the starlight bleak.
I know a heart that once a pinnace bore
Along the self-same tide in days ago,
A heart that loved, and then — the cold and snow.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

The Latest Toast.

NOW rank and beauty's all agog;
The very last sensation
Has just arrived from Warwick way, —
Sir Gay's obscure relation,
Who's come to take her first sweet sip
Of London's dissipation.

Last week at Lady Bolton's Drum
She made her first appearance,
And all the beaux were smitten straight
Almost to incoherence.

Her gown was gay with knot and lace,
But quaintly, sweetly simple,
And on her chin a huge black patch
Quite covered up the dimple.
" Perfection," quoth that oracle,
The haughty Lord Dalrymple.

For she has such a fetching way
Of glancing down demurely,
And such a saucy, pouting mouth,
'Twould charm the gravest, surely.

So all the gallants, to a man,
  Protest she's wondrous sprightly;
At Brook's and White's and all the Clubs
  They pledge her blue eyes nightly,
And vow she reigns in old Mayfair
  Quite properly and rightly.

So rank and beauty's all agog,
  For London's last sensation
Has just arrived from Warwick way, —
  Sir Gay's obscure relation.

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Courant.

How I Love My Books.

I'VE been poring o'er my books,
O'er my Nævius and my Greek;
Oh, dear to me the looks
Of the angles sharp and sleek;
Dear the pages of my math,
What a charm quadratics hath,
I've been poring o'er my books.

I've been poring o'er my books;
Now the long semester's done,
How they rise like dismal spooks,
Disappearing one by one.
With a lighted match I lean
O'er the volumes. Kerosene
I've been pouring o'er my books.

Wrinkle.

Moonlight on the Campus.

I.

Winter

A BROAD expanse of moonlit, mantling snow,
Majestic elms, beneath whose stately row
Weirdly the shadows waver to and fro;
Historic halls, where youth and learning meet,
Whence sounds of revelry the ear will greet,
For youth makes wintry nights fly swift and fleet.

II.

Spring

Softly whispers the evening breeze,
Stirring the leaves of the spreading trees,
Peace in its soft caresses bringing,
The rich, sweet blend of a college song,
Chanted in chorus deep and strong,
Across the broad greensward ringing.
The twinkling lights like stars aglow,
The murmur of insects soft and low;
A moonlit night
And the world seems bright,
For youth is all laughter and singing.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.
Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

Troubadour's Song.

MY lady is fair as the flowers that grow,
My lady is gay as the winds that blow,
My lady is pure as the fallen snow,
But colder to me.

My lady's eyes are blue as the sky,
My lady's eyes oft look as high,
For my lady's eyes they pass me by.
Ah, woe is me!

My lady's hair is like threads of gold,
My lady's lips like the rubies cold,
My lady's hand is soft to hold,
But not for me. Ah, me!

MARGUERITE FELLOWS.
Smith College Monthly.

Verse.

HE swore he "loved her dearly";
At the Ball he told her so,
And thought that of his "jolly"
This fair maid would never know.
But when he saw the items,
In the bills the postman brought,
He found that he had loved her,
More "dearly" than he thought.

Cornell Widow.

Trials That Jar.

WHEN you're sitting quite serenely on a cloudless
autumn day,
And your spirit seems to wander out the window
far away,
How it thrills you, how it chills you to the marrow
of your bones,
When you hear your dear professor in his
deep,
grim
tones:
"Mr. Blank, the proposition
That I've stated once before
Please repeat with the decision
You've arrived at on that score."

When you're quite content to notice how luxurious
it seems
Just to feel yourself a-drifting to the borderland of
dreams,
Oh, doesn't it discompose you as nothing else can do
When the prof dispels your vision as his
voice
breaks
through:

CAP AND GOWN.

"Blank, begin with the translation
Of the passage just assigned,
We must have no hesitation
For we're very far behind."

Oh, the castles in the cloudland that down in ruin fall!
Oh, the airy, Eveless Edens that have vanished at that call!
For the walls of fairy Jericho come tumbling to the ground
When across the peaceful silence rings this
dull,
dread
sound:
"Mr. Blank will give the reasons
For the facts as thus far shown."
Ah, in very truth the're seasons
When man wants to be alone.

L. E. O.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

Is Love Blind?

I LOVE thee, puzzling little May,
Thy eyes, thy mouth, thy every way,
Thy whole most fair and glorious self,—
My dainty, charming, fairy elf.

Yet tell me, tell me, what may be
The cause of all the mystery,—
The mystery that to thee clings
And to myself but wonder brings?

Tell why thy charms that please me so
Men notice not as on they go,
And fairly spurn; but hold, dear maid,
The cause I know without your aid:

Thy charms, some say, charm only me,
Because, love-blind, I cannot see;
But ah! I know the truth, and mind;
Thank God all men but me are blind!

Punch Bowl.

Mis' Rose.

"MAWNIN'," said Mistah Souf Win',
"Mis' Rose, we's glad you's heah;
Foh, to tell de truf, we's bin
Lonesome foh you, deah,
Cos we's had de vi'let
An' a berry few
Of oder blossoms; but
We's bin wantin' you."

O Rose, Rose, Rose,
You's de sweetes' flower, I guess,
Foh my Honey she am wearin'
A red rose upon her bres'.

"Why, bres me," said Mistah Bumble Bee,
"We's glad you back, Mis' Rose,
You's lookin' berry well, I see,
An' in your Summah close.
See de li'l pickaninnies
Playin' in de Sun,
Dey are mighty happy,
Mis' Rose, 'cause you come."

CAP AND GOWN.

"Howdy," said Mistah Red Bres',
"Mis' Rose, an' am dis you?
Mis' Robin an' myself were jes
Wunderin' what to do;
Foh hit did seem dreary,
Ebery liblong day
Raining or else cloudy
An' you still away."

R. R. K.
Wrinkle.

Sea Gulls.

I SING of the life of the wild sea-gulls
That sport on the wild sea-foam —
The fog-bank is their resting-place
And the ocean is their home.

They dwell in flocks on the storm-tossed rocks
And dare the wintry blow,
And follow the currents from out of the north
With the bergs of ice and snow.

They stop to rest on the surging breast
Of the breakers rushing ashore,
And know the lights on the rugged coast
From the Cape to Labrador.

Their white wings shine to the ships of the line;
They slant and toss o'er the bay
Where the giant swell comes heaving in
And the porpoise dash the spray.

The fog-bank is their resting-place
And the ocean is their home; —
Then sing me the life of the wild sea-gulls
That dip in the wild sea-foam.

R. W. PAGE.
Harvard Advocate.

Verse.

"HAPPY, oh, happy, so happy, so happy!"
Tell me, gold oriole, jubilant thing,
Lord of the apple-trees, genius of blossoming,
Why all the song-birds don't laugh when they sing?
"Truly, all song-birds do laugh when they sing!"

Mount Holyoke.

Arma Virumque.

I LIKE the gentle oc-to-pus,
Because he's such a funny cuss;
His eyes jut out like bar-na-cles,
Or little half-grown mussel shells;
And though he boasts no other charms,
The creature has a hundred arms —
So here with Maisie, 'neath the tree,
I fain the oc-to-pus would be!

HAROLD KELLOCK.
Morningside.

The Junior's Foxy Friends.

FULL many a quiet, modest man,
About this time of year,
Perceives by sudden evidence
His popularity's immense,
And he's a man of consequence
With girls both far and near.

The P. O. brings him varied styles
In letter-writing fads;
Where once he found a lonesome "snooze,"
He now sees dainty grays and blues,
And envelopes of other hues
(And they're *not* tailor's ads.).

What cordial notes from many maids,
Disdainful once, are his!
He's asked to visit Wellesley
And Smith with flattering frequency,
With bids from Vassar, too; dear me,
How popular he is!

Perhaps at first these things seem strange,
But really it's quite clear.

CAP AND GOWN.

There is no cause for wonderment
About the goal of their intent.
The reason's very evident,—
The Junior Prom. is near.

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Record.

The Voice of an Alumnus.

THERE'S a song that rings in my ears to-night,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The song on the campus, 'neath moonbeams bright,
When the students roam, on a summer night,
That makes me yearn for the sweet delight
Of those bygone days again.

Back to the soft cool evening's breath,
Back from the city's heat,
Back just to stride
On the campus wide,
And the dear old friends to meet.

How often I've set my noisy alarm
To rise quite in time for math, —
Where the flunker sits in blank dismay,
Where the functions dance in the same old way, —
And waking, found that cuts, I say,
Shall be given to him that hath.

Back to the same old haunts again,
Back to the student flock,
Back to my books
And the stern Prof's looks,
College — and my faithful clock.

S. N. WHITNEY.

Amherst Literary Monthly.

Witches' Town.

WHEN I came into Witches' Town,
I was so free and gay;
The high sun surely looked not down
On blither wight that day;
For I was Gladys' true-sworn knight,
And she my troth-plight love;
My sword was bright, my heart was light,
Cloudless the skies above.
Ah, in Witches' Town what spells are said!
Why shine its runnels all so red?

When I came out of Witches' Town,
Lagging my step and slow,
The wan moon never cast blight down
On wretch more dazed with woe;
For I had seen, by magic dread,
How false was she and frail!
My hope was sped, my love was dead,
And life a liars' tale.
Ah, in Witches' Town what spells are said!
My sword shines like its runnels — red.

Bowdoin Quill.

The Camp-Fire.

A TOUCH sets free the prisoned rage,
Like angry beast from riven cage,
And darting forth in fury dire
It gluts its tongues of mad desire;
With swirl and roar and frantic blaze
It sweeps the brands in breathless maze;
Not heeding how its work may end,
It covets only foes to rend:
With reckless fling from fevered blasts
Aloft, afar, the sparks it casts,
As if in sport its brood to toss,
With crazy scorn of harm or loss.

Then quiet grows the tumult of the flame,
Leaving a changeful gloaming in its train,
Where shifting shadows ever wax and wane;
Now whispered fancies, now a whispered name,
Steal softly forth and swift are gone again,
And silence brings a vague, delicious pain.

W. HARRY CLEMONS.
Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A Box of Cigarettes.

WHY is Love like a cigarette?
'Tis all too brief; we scarcely get
A whiff of bliss before Regret
Puts out the fire; while lingers yet
The bitter taste, — we sigh "Kismet."

Why is Hope like a cigarette?
It soothes a moment Life's vague fret;
It vanishes in thinnest smoke,
And mostly leaves a man "dead broke."
When it is gone, we soon forget
The Pleasure; but we pay the debt,
For Fate collects the bill, you bet!

Why is Life like a cigarette?
'Tis dear to have and cheap to get;
'Tis white without and dark within,
And all its joys are doubtless sin.
Some ashes are its profits net.
Which will I take? *The Cigarette.*

Cornell Widow.

The Land of Song.

INTO the Land of Song, my boys,
Into the Land of Song!
Let us hurry away at the break of day
When youth's fond dreams are strong.
We must not wait till the sunset's gate
Swings wide for the dismal night,
But join with the band for the music land
When the morning rises bright!

Into the Land of Song, my boys,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where all is a-wing with a rhythmic swing
Or a cadence soft and slow.
For what was the earth ere the minstrel's birth
Brought music and song to men?
So hurry along to the Land of Song
Where the minstrel sings again.

There is plenty of grief and woe, my boys,
Ere the day lies down to rest;
But there's naught but cheer for the youth's short year
With a love-song in his breast,

For the song-land teems with love and dreams,
And its spells are deep and strong,
So — into the Land of Song, my boys,
Into the Land of Song!

DWIGHT WILLISON MARVIN.
Williams Literary Monthly.

Spiritus Intactus.

EARTH, whereon his feet have pressed,
  Took they any soil from you?
Storm that beat upon his breast,
  Could you force an entrance through?
Wind that howled above his head,
  Through the branches, sad and long,
To the torrent's thunder wed,
  Could you keep from Heav'n his song?

ROBERT GERMAIN COLE.
Columbia Literary Monthly.

Song.

GRAY is the sky but naught care I,
Soft sings my heart, sweet sings my heart.
Lovely Phyllis comes riding by,
Nut-brown hair and hazel eye,
Speeding Cupid's dart.

Merrily carol I my lay
High ding-a-dee, hey ding-a-dee.
Gaily I sing as I go my way
Thinking how, in a week and a day,
Sally's to wed with me.

W. T. R.
Lehigh University Epitome.

The Other Side.

THE lad who wrote that little note
About the moonlight mellow,
The shady nook, the babbling brook,
The lady, — and her fellow, —
Was well-nigh right to say next night
You'd find her with another
Who hugged the shore, — and something more, —
Thrice closer than a brother;
But he left out the rest about
The first one who had kissed her;
The jilted beau was not so slow
As to let on he missed her.
But he found too another who
Enjoyed the brook so shady,
And while she had another lad
He had another lady!

Cornell Widow.

An Autumn Leaf.

I 'M a gay and pretty fellow,
Decked in gold, and red, and yellow,
I'm a charming little courtier
When Dame Nature holds her court.
See me dance upon the breezes —
Oh! the naughty breeze that teases,
Shakes and tumbles, whirls and squeezes,
Laughs and calls it sport.

And the sunbeams try to kiss me —
Ah! I'm sly, they often miss me,
But I cannot bear to grieve them,
So I let them right away.
Oh! Such fun, you couldn't guess it,
And no words could e'er express it,
Playing peek-a-boo with sunbeams
All on an Autumn day.

HARRY E. FOSDICK.
Madisonensis.

To an Old Portrait of a Little Girl.

DEAR little girl of the long ago,
Peering out of a picture frame,
With flaxen curls and cheeks aglow,
Where the roses of unblighted youth are aflame:
Come, tell me, sweet,
Did you ever meet
Dan Cupid out on a summer's morn?
Was he lying low
With his arrow and bow,
A-hiding from you in the fields of corn?

There now, little maid, don't look so shy;
You'll forget your old sweetheart in days to be,
And the tears on your cheek for his loss shall be dry,
Ere the Prince of your purple-hued dreams you shall see.
Ah! then you will lay
Aside dollies and play,
For the dream you have dreamed is no longer a dream,
And your life shall flow on
From morn until morn,
Like the blithesome song of a babbling stream.

Yet, dear little girl of the long ago,
As your face comes over the long, sad years,
To me, little maid, who love you so,
You seem to smile through a mist of tears,
With a touch of the grace
Of your older face,
When Life had battled with Youth and won,
For the grasping years
Left only tears
When the dream was ended; the glad song done.

William and Mary College Monthly.

Forgiven?

I SAW love stand,
Not as he was ere we in conflict met,
But pale and wan. I knelt — I caught his hand —
"O Love," I cried, "I did not understand!
Forgive — forget!"

Love raised his head
And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.
"I have forgot — what was it all?" he said;
"Only — my hands are scarred where they have bled;
My wings are torn."

JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY.
Morningside.

Fringed Gentian.

A VIOLET grew in the meadow-grass —
Grass so thick she could hardly see —
"I wish I were tall and straight," she said.
"Why should I always be hanging my head,
When I could be queen of the meadow instead,
Like the stately fleur-de-lis?"

So she waited, down in the meadow-grass,
Waited till all her suitors were gone.
Then stole a drop of the iris-gall,
Strained, in the darkness, more haughty and tall,
Up through the grasses — topped them all
In the dewy light of the dawn.

Came a rollicking gnome through the meadow-grass —
"Thou art bold for a violet, miss," said he;
He tore in tatters her purple hood,
Enchanted her, graceless and straight as she stood,
Filled with the bitter iris-blood, —
"Mistress Gentian, it is not good
To vie with the fleur-de-lis!"

HORATIO FORD.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Wellesley in Autumn.

IN yellow and in saffron it is dressed,
Changing by imperceptible degrees
To tawny red and russet in the trees,
And brown of fallen leaves upon the breast
Of all the earth.

A tumbling wind careens across the grass,
Chasing the dead leaves here and there in glee;
Or else, in empty, whirling columns free,
Forming them in one mad, round, dancing mass
With savage mirth.

The twilight breathes a silent, waiting drowse;
A few leaves curve down gently here and there,
In the clear coolness of the evening air,
From the great oaks with massive, up-flung boughs
And mighty girth.

Each night, though winter has not yet begun,
Drives the sharp frost still farther in the ground;
The grass with thicker white each morn is found —
And this soft covering, melting at the sun,
Is snow at birth.

M. Berry Wood.
Wellesley Magazine.

October Love Song.

OCTOBER fields are hazy,
October waters blue,
October breeds fine fancy;
My sweet, I love thee true.

October's sun sets golden.
October's moon lights fair,
Yet the sun and moon together
Equal not thy golden hair.

Brown are October's woodlands;
Sighing, the summer they rue,
But thy brown eyes haunt me ever,
My sweet, I love thee true.

Chill is the breath of October,
Whirling the leaves from above,
Warm thoughts of thee come with them,
My sweet, and they say, "I love."

Campus.

Gipsy Song.

WHAT is the joy of living,
Hedged in the haunts of men?
Where the timid bird is never heard,
And hushed in the forest's tender word,
And the night-wind sings in vain?
Ho! up and away,
At the break of day,
To the smile of the hills and the calm of the lea
Where the brook laughs low
And the cattails grow,
And my lover is waiting for me.

It is the vesper hour
When the woods bow down in prayer;
When the bats begin their wayward flight,
And the distant lamps of heaven grow bright
And peace is in the air.
But the night-shades frown
On the dusty town,
And I sigh for the cool of the hill and plain,
Where the brook sings a song
As it hurries along,
And my lover will greet me again.

Williams Literary Monthly.

The Hall of Sleep.

THE Hall of Sleep is a welcome hall,
As we enter it wearily,
Its end is the bourn that we long to reach,
Our bourn of the Dreamland Sea.

We glide o'er the sloping marble floor,
'Neath the roof of the star-filled sky,
And the walls that were misty and vague and far
Draw closer as we pass by.

And the walls are figured in strange design,
The drift of the Dreamland Sea,
With shadows faint from the vanished day,
With visions of mystery.

And wavelets of clouds rise round our feet,
Smoke-wreaths of a milky sea,
Till we leave our pains in the Hall of Sleep
With the past and the years to be.

We float away on the Dreamland Sea,
On its cold, white, mist-wrapped breast,
Till our pulses slow and our eyelids sink
In the silence of perfect rest.

THEODORA BATES.
Radcliffe Magazine.

April Flower-Song.

FAR through fragrant forest, lawn, and lea,
Spring has donned new raiment, like a bride;
Blushing, fleeing, crouched by rock and tree,
There I found her where she crept to hide,
Chid her for her coyness and her pride
Till she bade me take these blooms to wear,
Bridal blossoms blown from April's hair.

Sheba, once, from far low Araby,
Near the warm south ocean's turgid tide,
Fared to Solomon. And this for fee
Of his wisdom bore him, and poured wide
Gold and spice and raiment. Thus I ride
Bringing thee, not royal wealth and rare,
Bridal blossoms blown from April's hair.

Wide domain of mine laves not the sea,
Wealth and power in me may not abide;
Not for wisdom's sake but love of thee
Bring I suit, by no loud clarion cried,
Only breathed from love's own lips, and sighed;
Wilt thou take, Sweet, on thy breast to bear,
Bridal blossoms blown from April's hair?

Flowers, less fair by far than she may be,
  Whisper low what love's lips may not dare;
Say in your heart lies the heart of me,
  Bridal blossoms blown from April's hair.

HAROLD KELLOCK.
Morningside.

Prayer of the Satirist.

OH, make me not as other men
With knowledge but empirical,
But give to me a larger ken,
A power and sight satirical.
Yea, give me leave to quit the toils
And laugh at men's inanities,
Their wretched little ant-hill broils,
Their vices and their vanities;
And let me see the littleness
Of others' eccentricity,
The barrenness and littleness
Of boasted authenticity;
With ardent assiduity
Impale each placid platitude,
Give asinine fatuity
A much restricted latitude;
I'd try them first with patient care,
In common-sense's crucible,
Then quickly crush each baneful there
From hate or spleen deducible.

I pray thee give me trenchant wit
And richly of temerity,

Yet let me wisely temper it,
  Lest I sneer in severity.
Oh, grant me Dryden's enterprise
  And some of Pope's avidity,
In shooting folly as it flies,
  Yet not with his acidity.
Pray loan me Molière's gentle rake
  To stir all maladies pretended,
And with Sir Thomas More's mild shake
  The easy fling of Horace blended;
Vouchsafe to me as Butler keen
  An easy, airy persiflage;
I wish no vitriolic spleen,
  I'd Lowell be or calm Le Sage.
But, pray give me gay humour's gift,
  And last I ask, by Heaven's grace,
By shades of Juvenal and Swift,
  Oh, do not make me commonplace.

O. L.
Red and Blue.

In Spring.

IN the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,
And a maiden thinks of dresses
As she should of things above.

But as time and seasons pass them,
Each one growing nearer old,
There is no more vital problem
Than to keep from catching cold.

Princeton Tiger.

Impressionistic.

I MAY not do a landscape
To suit the finest taste,
My work in oil and crayon,
I fear will go to waste.

But yet I am a pupil
Of a master long since dead,
I do great towns and cities,
And use old Titian's red.

Wrinkle.

June.

IF it were only June!
A silver shimmer would be flowing
Over the bending grasses;
The foam of summer clouds be blowing
Athwart the hot blue noon.

If it were only June!
The crickets would be singing —
The new grass on my grave,
Above my heart a brier rose be springing,
O God, it is so long till June!

SUSAN GRANT.
University of Chicago Weekly.

A Mountain Stream.

WHO loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream,
A will-o'-the-wisp, half understood,
Laughter lost in the silent wood,
A splash of white foam over the brim
Of a dusky pool, where shadows dim
Sleep in unrest, and love-spells be,
And I know not what sweet coquetry;
A flood of ripples and sunlit spray
Ravishing all my heart away.
Then, lo, the brook runs on to the sea
With never a backward look for me.
Who loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream.

Smith College Monthly.

An Eskimelodrama; or, the Eskapade of an Eskamaid.

'MID Greenland's polar ice and snow,
Where watermelons seldom grow,
(It's far too cold up there, you know),
There dwelt a bold young Eskimo.

Beneath the self-same iceberg's shade,
In fur of seal and bear arrayed,
(Not over cleanly, I'm afraid),
There lived a charming Eskamaid.

Thro'out the six months' night they'd spoon,
(Ah, ye of Sage, think what a boon,
To stop at ten is much too soon),
Beneath the silvery Eskimoon.

The hated rival now we see!
(You spy the coming tragedy,
But I can't help it, don't blame me),
An Eskimucker vile was he.

He found the lovers there alone,
He killed them with his axe of bone;
(You see how fierce the tale has grown) —
The fond pair died with an Eskimoan.

CAP AND GOWN.

Two graves were dug, deep in the ice,
Were lined with furs, moth-balls, and spice;
The two were buried in a trice,
Quite safe from all the Eskimice.

Now Fido comes, alas, too late!
(I hope it's not indelicate,
These little incidents to state) —
The Eskimurderer he ate.

L'ENVOI.

Upon an Eskimo to sup
Was too much for an Eskipup —
He died. His Eskimemory
Is thus kept green in verse by me.

Cornell Widow.

To the College Idol.

THOU standest there, O image green,
In silence, with the silent elms
On either side, and thou between,
Borne far from Oriental realms.

No servile throngs about thee wait,
In reverential awe profound;
Nor bless thee in thy mute estate,
Nor bow obeisance to the ground.

Dethroned, the mockery of fate,
The sport of Occidental youth,
No blessings now dost thou await,
Unlorded lord of all but truth!

ADDISON H. HINMAN.
Concordiensis.

Upon Her Lips.

UPON her lips I pressed a kiss,
The rhyme for this, you know, is bliss.
I squeezed her dainty little waist
Until it was reduced to paste.

My ardour I could not contain,
I sipped her lips and sipped again,
And finally bit off her head,
For she was made of gingerbread.

Yale Record.

To ——.

HER voice is one of command,
Her power is in full swing,
Her jewels, though scarce, are pure,
She has but a simple ring.

The fellows all jump at her call,
To obey her they hasten pell-mell,
But I dread the sound of her voice,
For she is the college bell!

WILLIAM B. WHEELWRIGHT.
Harvard Lampoon.

To George Edward Woodberry.

(Dedication of Nineteen Hundred Class-Book.)

ONE who took manhood for his Art—
Taught it by manliness so rare,
We keep his lessons in our heart,
But first of all he entered there.

JOHN ERSKINE.

The Tastes of Yesterday.

WROTE a poet long ago —
In the classic age, you know —
Verses dignified and fine,
Telling "how we Romans dine."

Boars and peacocks, shell-fish, too,
All were dainties, while a stew
Made of oil and bitter brine
Was as welcome as their wine.

Vainly often do we seek
English words for dishes Greek,
While we say: "What dreadful food
Did the Romans think was good!"

If some poet living now,
Knowing what we eat and how,
Should commit it all to rhyme
To the girls of after-time,

Mention "Deacon Porter's hat,"
"Freshman's tears," and add to that
Praises of those dainties three:
"Wiggle," "Mud," and "Mystery;"

Should he sing in such a strain
Future maids might seek in vain
For the meaning, while they'd say,
"Strange — the tastes of yesterday!"

R. K. K.
Mount Holyoke.

The Dream-Ship.

OH, a dainty craft has just put out
From the port of Mother's knee,
She is bound for the shore of Lullaby Land
By the side of the Sleepy Sea.

She is softly rocked by the breeze that blows
From a place on the Lullaby shore,
Where they make the dreams for my captain bold
When the long play-day is o'er.

The fairies hover round her prow,
The dream-sprites round her mast,
And they whisper fancies wild and gay
Of the summer day that's past.

O fairies gay, and tricksy sprites,
I pray you gentle be,
For this captain bold that the dream-ship holds
Is the whole wide world to me.

MIRIAM REES EDMONDSON.
Vassar Miscellany.

Our Goddess.

FILL high each glass with wine, my boys,
To drink a toast — "The Fair" —
To her, greatest of our joys,
Who shall be here for e'er.

Men may be fickle and untrue,
To love of womankind,
Those faithless to this love are few,
And very hard to find.

For love of her men go insane,
At least so doctors say,
Yet love for her did never wane,
No, not unto this day.

Now to this love drain low your glass,
And sorrows we'll forget,
In loving long this dearest lass,
Our Dainty Cigarette.

Wrinkle.

A Song of Yesteryear.

LIGHTLY the birds sang in the thorn,
Sweet-voiced and clear.
With gladsomeness they thrilled the morn
Of yesteryear.

Ah! sweet, sweet was the springtime breath
Of yesteryear.
It awoke a hope of life from death
And love from fear.

Ah! blue, blue leaned the kindly sky
Above the mere,
And warm, warm beat a true-love's heart
Of yesteryear.

Why have you ceased your gladsome tune,
Song of my heart?
Why did you dim and fade so soon
And leave a smart?
Oh, song, glad song, that rang so clear,
Where have you gone since yesteryear?

CAP AND GOWN.

Why have you lost your joyful thrill,
Life of my heart?
Gray loom the skies and winds blow shrill,
And love must part.
Oh, life, glad life, that felt no fear,
Where have you fled since yesteryear?

Why have you left me in my grief,
Heart of my heart,
Only a faded crimson leaf,
With heedless art?
Why have you gone, and I still here,
Heart of my heart of yesteryear?

HARRY JAMES SMITH.
Williams Literary Monthly.

A Winter Night.

WINTER-COLD is the night!
Chiselled in deepest blue,
Each star-shape silver-white
Shines cold-clear down the sky's long avenue.
The rich moon with its broadly streaming flood
Washes the earth with light,
The earth whereon I stand.
The icy ether fires my smouldering blood,
The stars I breathe and feel;
The magic heavens my trembling senses steal,
Until, exquisitely unmanned,
My spirits swoon
With the delicious cold, the dark, the riding moon!

MELVILLE H. CANE.

Columbia Literary Monthly.

His Poem.

HE sent it to the *Courant*,
The *Record*, and the *Lit.*;
And then he sent it to his girl,
And she accepted it.

Yale Record.

Ephraim's Storm Lullaby.

SHO', dere, ma honey, don't ye neber hab a fear,
De thunder-storm won't hurt ye none, yer pappy's standin' near.
Look up dere in de hebens where de cloud's all torn in two;
Dey rips dat linin' off de sky afore dey puts on new.

Hush, don't ye trubble when ye heah it tearin' so,
But watch de pretty needle as dey pass it to and fro,
De bright an' shinin' needle dat will stitch de sky up right,
A-runnin' through de thick black clouds clear in an' out o' sight.

Wy, chile, de whole t'ing's ober now, dere ain't no cause fer dread,
Dey's workin' way off yonder now, it's clear up ober-head.
Sometimes de storms come round us, but dey soon goes skimmin' by,
Now see de little needle-holes a-shinin' in de sky!

C. H. C(OLLESTER).
Amherst Literary Monthly.

Our Favourite Hymn.

HAVE you trials and temptations?
Does your next door neighbour snore?
You should never be discouraged,
Take it to the editor.

Can you find a friend so faithful,
On whose bosom you may lean?
Write it up and send it quickly;
It will fill the *Magazine.*

Tennessee University Magazine.

Boat o' Dreams.

BOAT o' Dreams! Boat o' Dreams!
Come and take me o'er the ferry,
On the path where starlight gleams
And the waves are making merry.

Hasten! hasten! Boat o' Dreams,
For She waits among the flowers.
Long — so long the waiting seems
Through the weary daylight hours.

Boat o' Dreams, far, far behind
Lies the dreary world of waking.
Hark! a-down the whispering wind
Waves on Isles of Slumber breaking.

Softly, softly, Boat o' Dreams,
Here's our island port of meeting,
Yonder in the moonlight's beams
See! She waits to give me greeting.

LOREN PALMER.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

Westward.

WHERE the sun comes up on cornfields, where
it whitens new-mown hay,
Where it sets in boundless seas of golden grain;
In that country lies your power, for that country be
your love,
From that country comes your pleasure and your
pain.

Where the prairie, ribbon-banded by the tracks of
burnished steel,
Stretches far away and joins the drooping sky,
Where the softest breezes whisper, where the devil-
storms are born,
May we Westerners live long and may we die.

DOUGLASS BURNS DOUGLASS.
Dartmouth Literary Monthly.

With Gleaming Sail.

SPEEDING before the gale
Lightly with gleaming sail
Gaily the little boat skims o'er the deep:
Strikes she the waves abreast,
Leaping from crest to crest,
Bounding along with a rhythmical sweep.

White-caps in firefly play
Spangle the sparkling bay
Streaked with long paths of smooth green, starred with foam.
Clouds that in squadrons white
Rush on in boisterous flight
Hide the sun's rays and the heaven's blue dome.

Waves are a-dashing in,
Spray is a-splashing in,
Cooling hot cheeks with a spattering mist.
The wind with its thousand hands
Catches soft hair in strands,
Tossing and tangling — 'tis vain to resist.

Now as the breezes blow,
Bends the boat starboard, low,
Cutting a gurgling furrow of green.
Hear the waves strike her prow,
Thudding and splashing now,
Rev'ling like mischievous spirits unseen.

What is all trouble worth?
Is there a care on earth?
Not while the winds and the waves are at play!
Speeding before the gale
Lightly with gleaming sail,
Who would be other than gayest of gay?

EVELYN GAIL GARDINER.
Vassar Miscellany.

A Cigarette and Pipe.

WHEN the West is red, when the sun is set,
And the cloud of smoke from my cigarette
Is wavy and misty and gold,
I think of the gold of your shadowy hair,
When we used to dream in the twilight there
Of the wonders the silence told.

When the logs are alight, when the logs are aglow,
And the rifts of smoke from the pipe that I know
Swing in the shadows long,
I dream of the roses of deep perfume
That you brought me once in the hearth-fire's gloom,
And the snatch of a happy song.

And so in the dusk, when the sun is set,
I pray you, grant me a cigarette
For the thoughts that will come to me;
And when there are logs deep sunk into glow,
I ask but a smoke of the pipe that I know,
For the sake of the memory.

Cornell Widow.

Song.

BUD into blossom, flower into fruit,
The season turneth;
Each cradle-bough of spring, all winter mute,
A new air learneth.
The heart alone, whose June defies December,
No sun can teach dead summer to remember.

Heigho, my heart, unfruited autumn's past.
Harsh winds that shake me
Shall hurl me into springtime's fires at last,
Unless she take me
Into her breast, as in the holy ark,
Like Aaron's rod to blossom in the dark.

ROBERT JERMAIN COLE.
Morningside.

The Candle-Light's Lament.

I FLARE from a slender candle small,
And he from a noble lamp,
Yet soft and sweet, our glances meet,
As we glow in the dark and the damp.

Happy I flamed in the knowledge sweet
My love loved only me,
When a winsome maid our love-hopes laid
As low as low could be.

Out from the room, now gaunt, she bore
My love, and in crept fear.
Freed from the hold of his brightness bold,
The shadowy terror drew near.

Strive as I might, my little light
Could not dispel the dread,
That yawned and flared and even dared
To touch with his lips my trembling head.

Wretched am I! My love's gone out
And I fear to stay, but hark!
What can I do? I'd go out, too,
But alas! I'm afraid of the dark.

Punch Bowl.

"Bottoms Up" Ad Finem.

YOU know how we are wont to stand
And hold on high the brimming cup,
And how the leader gives command,
And how we drink to "Bottoms Up!"

So would I drain life to the lees,
With all its sorrows, all its pain,
Nor care if no to-morrow's breeze
Shall cool the reeling, aching brain.

The lamps are flashing down the hall;
The ruddy wine brims every cup;
Then stand ye ready, gallants all,
For, hark, the cry is "Bottoms Up!"

Oh, what is life but ruddy wine!
Of joy and pain, a mingled cup!
Then, gallants, take again the sign,
Nor fear to drink to "Bottoms Up!"

P. A. HUTCHINSON.
Harvard Advocate.

Zwischen Trinken.

AN engineer there was, and he spake to a gang
of his kind one day,
And the theme of his tale was an ancient theme, and
the text of an ancient lay;
And again he asked, as others have asked (and many
a man shall ask),
"Now what is the blame to our honest name, the
blight on our mighty task?

"Their books are full and their papers too with the
flame of others than we,
Ye read each day of Croker and Quay, and the
scraps from over the sea:
And it's Captain *This* and it's General *That,* and the
wedding of Lord Dedd-Broke —
But there's nary a hear for the engineer, 'tis a name
that never is spoke!

"We build their bridges, we build their roads, we
tunnel their mountains steep,
We build their ships and we run them too, on the
salty and treacherous deep;
We dam their rivers, and make their maps, and light
their cities at night,
But no caress from the public press — why isn't this
wrong made right?"

Then another arose from a corner chair, well up in the firelight's glow,
His hands were rough, and his frame was tough, and his laugh was deep and low;
And he smote the board with his empty stein, and he waved his reeking pipe:
"I wot me well of this social hell — but pluck ye the fruit that's ripe!

"The engineer is a power, lads, — but a power behind the throne:
Their scrap, and hustle, and scandal-tales but leave us the more alone;
Their preachers preach, and their lawyers law, and none is heard for the din,
But the while they sit we get up and git, and gather the greenbacks in!

"And what care we that they know us not, nor ken of our mighty craft?
They can't dispense with our need immense — we could anchor 'em fore and aft!
And the less they *know* the more they must *pay* for the work of us unknown folk:
So here's a beer to the engineer — *the man who never goes broke!*"

W. S. AYARS.
Lehigh University Epitome.

Metamorphosis.

HE said that it was stupid
To walk the Avenue —
The faces never pretty,
The dresses never new.

Just then he saw a maiden
He'd known somewhere before.
She smiled in way bewitching —
He made complaints no more.

The ladies all were charming,
The hats of fairest kind:
One damsel smiled upon him —
And he had changed his mind.

Princeton Tiger.

After.

"THE song is ended and the singer fled":
I leave the crowded room, the clash of tongues,
And pass into the lonely autumn night
Where earth and sky take up the dying chord,
The tossing branches of the barren trees,
The wind that swirls the clouds across the moon
Are all attuned to music that is past,
And the dry leaves unseen beneath my feet
Swish to the rhythm of the symphony.

THEODORA BATES.
Radcliffe Magazine.

En Garde.

TO fence with Phyllis is a joy
Which carries with it fear;
For hearts by her are cut in twain
And victims by the score are slain,
Which proves her sport counts dear.

Upon her breast she wears her heart,
As red as red of rose,
And with a skill surpassing rare,
Joined with a dashing, laughing air,
Assumes the fencing pose.

"En Garde," and then, ah then!
She pierces each who meets her steel,
With dashing verve displays her art
In foiling moves to reach her heart,
And those who fenced now kneel.

L'ENVOI

Sweet Phyllis, though I fence with you
And your rare skill doth gain its mark,
Your lunge *en tierce* was needless quite,
For years ago you pierced my heart.

W. T. M(cINTYRE).
Princeton Tiger.

The Vagabonds.

OVER the mountains we trample, the troop of us —
Nature wakes up when she hears the mad whoop of us.
Where is the tree but has sheltered a group of us
In all the land where we hold jubilee?
Never a sparrow was half so ubiquitous,
Never a monk so benignly iniquitous,
Never a rover who wouldn't come quick wit' us,
If we should ask him a comrade to be.

Slough-hatted wanderers!
Lazy time squanderers!
(Barbers and launderers
Out of the way!)
Oh, for the glees we have!
Oh, for the fine sprees we have!
Oh, for the ease we have
All the day long!

Oh, the cool beer that is brewed of Bartholomay —
Anheuser, Pabst! Oh, the songs that Apollo may

Think out of tune! How we long for them all o' May,
Waiting for June to drag into July.
Far from the towns (we can never get used to them),
Far from the books and the duties, a truce to them!
Out to the fields! How we long to break loose to them!
Where there's no smoke and no dust in the sky.

Under the sycamore,
Where you love liquor more,
Strike up a quick amour
With a milk-maid.
Deuce take society
With its propriety,
Hypocrite piety,
Tinsels that fade.

Having no tastes that a saint couldn't gratify,
Needing no devil or angel to ratify,
We are all true to the oath, "Knock me flat if I
Am not a friend to who's friendly to me."
True to the truth of true human equality,
Knowing that wisdom consists in frivolity,
Certain of death, but more sure of earth's jollity.
Sure with each breath that God's men are made free.

CAP AND GOWN.

Live we in unity,
Eat with impunity,
Sleep with immunity
  From the world's care.
Tramphood is bred in us,
Running blood red in us;
Malice is dead in us
  Out in God's air.

JOHN ALBERT MACY.
Harvard Advocate.

I Fill My Pipe.

I FILL my pipe 'mid thoughts of thee,
And thine immovable decree, —
I fill my pipe.
Thy "Thou must choose" I now obey, —
Is Love or Smoke my life to sway?
(A heartless choice at best to make.)
Forswear old Smoke for new Love's sake?
The best of loves grows slowly cold,
But Smoke, dear Smoke, is never old, —
Till Death do part my closest friend,
My comfort, solace to the end.
New loves soon die, — and think, my dear,
I've loved old Smoke for many a year.

And so, 'mid lessening thoughts of thee,
Is thus obeyed thy last decree, —
I fill my pipe.

A. M. S.
Wrinkle.

The Mayonette River.

A RUSTLE and stir 'mid the tall meadow grasses,
Standing abreast in the hollow,
Bending each one to its whim as it passes,
None but its own whim to follow.
There 'mong the rushes that hide it from sight,
There where the will-o'-wisp sheds its pale light,
Trysting place chosen by lovers at night,
Rises the Mayonette River.

Plaything of nature, her sport as it flows,
Stirred by each breeze that is straying,
Lulled to its long winter's rest 'neath the snows,
Like a child that is weary of playing;
Gleaming and glancing the grasses among,
Gliding and dancing and rippling along,
Singing for ever its murmuring song,
This is the Mayonette River.

Tulane Collegian.

My Rose and Hers.

MY rose of crimson peeped over the sweet brier —
Must I believe it prophetic?
Her rose of white only raised her fair crest higher,
Pure as a virgin ascetic.

My rose bent humbly, his petals all fluttering —
Surely this may be prophetic —
Her rose seemed touched by the love he was uttering,
Murmured with mien so pathetic.

My rose took heart and set each brilliant leaf a-plume —
Can it indeed be prophetic?
Her rose 'gan trembling and swaying her sprays a-bloom,
Caught with allurements esthetic.

My rose grew bolder and pleaded in perfume tones —
Courage! This may be prophetic —
Her rose curved closer, all vibrant, like curfew moans,
Thrilled with the fragrance magnetic.

My rose of crimson, now winged by a zephyr kind,
Captured, no whit apathetic,
Her rose of white, and their tendrils close intertwined.
Ah! Would it might be prophetic!

THATCHER H. GUILD.
Brunonian.

When Daylight Dies.

WHEN daylight dies the world is hushed and still;
All nature trembles; Heaven itself bends low;
And from the woods the wailing whippoorwill
Sings elegies in cadence sweet and slow,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies o'er all the earth is spread
A Quaker robe of softly shaded gray.
The flow'rets slumber 'neath their leafy bed,
In dreams with wooing butterflies at play,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies the whispering zephyrs stir
The quivering leaflets, children of the dawn.
The shadows fall from oak and beech and fir,
And melt into the darkness, newly born,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies the water's mirroring breast
Reflects the breathless calm of earth and sky;
While over it, with downy pinions spread,
The wingèd ships, like birds, glide slowly by,
When daylight dies.

When daylight dies peace enters troubled hearts;
From wearied souls, by countless cares oppressed,
The deadly burden of each grief departs;
And earth and sky and sea are all at rest,
When daylight dies.

BERTHA CHASE LOVELL.
Smith College Monthly.

To-Morrow Is Another Day.

OVER mossy stone and mound
Where the amaranth is found—
From their footsteps not a sound—
Slowly shadows creep around,
And Love sings, "Will Sorrow—
Will Sorrow here for ever stay?"
And Hope sings, "To-morrow—
To-morrow is another day."

Life is chequered, hopes and fears
Alternate as smiles and tears,
Through the rain the sun appears,
And from time to time one hears
How Love sings, "Will Sorrow—
Will Sorrow here for ever stay?"
And Hope sings, "To-morrow—
To-morrow is another day."

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.
Bowdoin Quill.

A Sea Song.

HE in whose ear the sea-shell sings,
Far from the sea,
Must hearken to all other things
Unheedingly;
For, though to bar him from his own
Stretch plain and hill,
The patient ocean's undertone
Calls to him still.

He who hath seen the sullen surf
Swing shoreward slow,
Quick foam above, and tangled coils
Of kelp below,
Hath for his comfort, though he be
For leagues inland,
The pounding, curling, pounding sea,
The beating sand.

Williams Literary Monthly.

A Complication.

THE spring has gone, the summer's come,
The hills seem doubly steep,
The street-car fares seem doubly large,
And only fuel's cheap.

I've not a cent to bless myself,
My credit's weak withal,
And two girls "would be pleased" to come
To grace the Senior Ball.

Cornell Widow.

An Eighteenth-Century Fan.

WITHIN an antique chest it lies,
Secure from meddling fingers,
And still among its silken folds
The scent of rose leaves lingers.

The ivory sticks so quaintly carved
Are yellowed now, and broken
Where Cupids smiled, proclaiming plain
Some eager lover's token.

But still upon the faded silk
A merry rout is dancing,
And fair Priscilla scatters smiles
With coquetry entrancing.

What tales this quaint old fan could tell
Of other days and places,
Of gallant beaux in snowy stocks,
Of periwigs and laces!

Of balls and stately minuets,
Of maids in silk and patches,
Of whispered words in quiet nooks,
Of love, and broken matches!

But now, alack! those merry days
  Are half-forgotten stories,
And naught remains but fading tints,
  And dreams of ancient glories.

RAYMOND W. WALKER.
Yale Courant.

In Doubt.

WOULD you but know the maiden fair who stole
my heart for her collection?
Would you but know the maiden dear who cuts it up
for her inspection?
Would you but know the maiden sweet who mangled
it in stern dissection?
Would you?

I'm sorry I can't tell. You see
All girls look so alike to me.

But, should you know this maiden fair, whose conduct sadly needs correction,
Yes, should you know this maiden dear — enough to aid in her detection;
Ah, should you know this maiden sweet, I think she'd have my whole affection.
Should you?

You see, I'm worrying quite a bit;
My heart's so cut up over it.

B. A.
Tuftonian.

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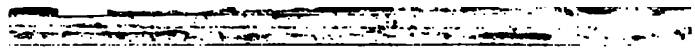
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